



**T**HE last mutterings of resentment at higher pay for M.P.s are dying away. Even those who said that Members would never earn the money are coming round to the idea that they probably will—and are now simply waiting to see in what form the extra £750-worth of legislation per head is going to hit them.

#### Vicious Mushroom

WAGE-EARNERS everywhere are loud in praise of the National Coal Board, whose latest price rise is a certain fattener of all pay-packets: even the humblest Trade Union spokesman can



hardly fail to make out a case, whether he speaks for workers in sewers, crematoria, TV studios or cattle-cake factories. Only one branch of national production seemed in danger of exclusion from benefit—that of part-time Civil Defence instruction: but instructors are taking advantage of the general easing of conditions anyway, and are to ask the Home Office for more money on the ground that their work is “a good deal more exacting since H-bomb warfare became a possibility.”

#### A Word Devalued

WHATEVER its effect in higher financial circles the depressed state of Government securities has proved a valued conscience-easer for some company chairmen. They can assure restive shareholders that their stock is gilt-edged without a qualm.

#### Take That

PARLIAMENTARY disclosures of Hogarthian scenes in railway buffets at

Rugby and Birmingham followed hard on talk of more fare increases, another £800,000,000 added to the bill for modernization and the release of impressive figures of overall transport deficits. As a result, little public indignation followed the announcement, from a spokesman of the British Railway Police, that five trains a day are being stoned in the Midlands.

#### Take it or Take it

MR. THORNEYCROFT has proved no better than his predecessors at the game of getting something oratorically fresh out of the periodic inflation speech, which traditionally consists of flesh-creeping warnings watered down with assurances that panic is not called for. Even his hint of a whip-crack went for little. To say “This nation must either squarely face the problem of inflation and accept the measures necessary to curb it, or face a continual decline in



the value of money” doesn’t cut much ice with people who know, by this time, that they must go on squarely facing both.

#### Any News from France?

GENERAL FRANCO’s decision that his successor shall be a king has struck a pleasantly fresh note and raised appetizing questions. If it is all right to have kings again in Spain, will General Franco himself be crowned before the proposed handover—if only for a month or two, just for the fun of it? Where has the throne been all these years (the actual piece of furniture)? Where will the new king look for advice on protocol, Court etiquette, and so forth? Members

of the Falange engaged to school him in these matters are bound to be rusty. Taking a larger view, is the dictatorship-into-monarchy idea going to catch on? Could Mr. Khrushchev, supposing he felt the need, put his hand without difficulty on the next and rightful Czar? How about an Emperor of China when Mao’s term is up: and what would Chiang Kai-shek feel about it? Meanwhile it would pay General Franco to get on with a return to Royalty as soon as possible, while there is still room for a few more eager thousands of Americans on the Costa Brava.

#### Anyone Here Seen Titus?

It is understood that the cast of the present play at the St. James’s are resentful of suggestions that they are doing nicely as a result of all the publicity in Press and Parliament. Actually, people are leaving the box-office in a huff when they find they aren’t going to see Lady Olivier.

#### Sniper

LONDON’s artistic pride in the Royal Festival Hall has been badly shaken by Mr. Stokowski’s complaints about the acoustics. L.C.C. spokesmen are particularly resentful, recalling that the acoustics in their Hall were tested by



the firing of a revolver, and adding that they wish Mr. Stokowski had been within range at the time.

#### Man Who Knows

DESPITE the confident tone of recent pronouncements by Dr. Charles Hill many Britons are beginning to wonder

whether we have much to offer in the councils of the world. It should stimulate their flagging patriotism to hear that Sir John Elliot, chairman of the London Transport Executive, is off to Montreal in the autumn to lecture the American Transit Association on "London's Traffic Jams."

### Out of Mischief

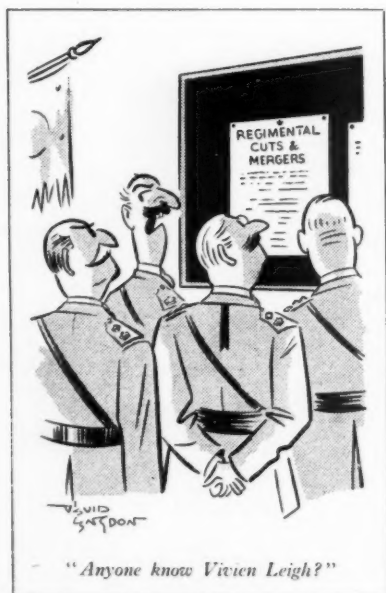
The discreet disposal of the Navy had become an increasingly baffling question. Its solution seems nearer at last with the Press release from Whitehall headed "New Floating Dock for the Admiralty."

### Sorry You've Been Trebled

How to deal with the G.P.O.'s £42,000,000 trading deficit proved, after all, to be one of the Government's simpler problems. As one apologist pointed out, the only alternative to higher Post Office charges was "to reduce the efficiency of the service." Even the Cabinet couldn't see how to manage that.

### Milford Haven

WHEN the oil-men build their twenty million pounds'-worth of refinery, They'll cause sore hearts in nature-loving quarters;  
And for once it may not help them in smoothing down the trouble  
If they start pouring oil upon the waters.



## ANNUAL REPORT

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Panoptikon Press was held in London on July 22.

Lord Verity, the chairman, moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said:—

It would be idle to deny that the year under review has been not without certain technical difficulties for some sections of this great industry in which we are proud to make our humble contribution to the service of an enlightened democracy. Increasing, relentless—I had almost said unscrupulous—competition has tended to blind less discriminating elements of the public to the benefits of the prestige conferred on members of a quality readership. In such circumstances it is a matter of profound satisfaction to your board to report that the sales of our influential morning, evening and Sunday newspapers, *The Intelligencer*, *The Cosmos*, and *The Oracle*, read throughout the grammatically English-speaking world, have not declined in any sense which even sensation-seekers could describe as dramatic. The growing authority which these publications wield at home and abroad, in the shires as in the chancelleries, and the frequency with which their counsels are echoed in the concert of nations as in the homestead and the hacienda—these imponderable factors more than offset some trifling losses in revenue which, in the opinion of your board, represent a transient phase very generally experienced, indeed to be expected, in such a delicately poised mechanism as ours.

Our interests are far from homogeneous; our foundations rest on pillars of unique but differing substance. Thus it is a cause of special gratification to your board, in this currently shrewd climate which is exposing some less diversely fashioned edifices to decay, to report the phenomenal growth of our weekly journal, *Teddy and Trixie*, already nearing the three-million mark in its first year. The panache, gaiety, forthright frankness and expertise with which this vigorous undertaking is conducted cannot fail to attract the alert young mind unclouded by convention.

Nor is this rapid rise to prosperity confined to one field. Our determination to open a wider window on the world to the evergrowing army of

observant, intelligent woman readers, whose control of spending power has never before in our island story been so absolute, has been crowned with success. Circulation and advertising revenue peaks have been attained and passed, as by an intrepid Himalayan climber, in the still brief lives of *She and He*, *He and She*, *Her Own*, *Her Home*, *Your Home and My Home*, *Our Home*, *Home and Away*, *Far Better Off in a Home*, *Woman To-day*, *Woman To-morrow*, and *Whither Woman?* I would also mention a companion group scheduled for this month—*Hours of Ease*, an elegant production for ladies of leisure with the emphasis on gracious living; *Coy*, for the younger age-bracket; *Hard to Please*, a sophisticated fashion journal; and *Ministering Angel*, offering unrivalled advertising facilities to the noble profession of nursing.

Of course the cost of launching so imposing a flotilla has not been negligible. Reserves judiciously built up over the years have made it possible to take this step without raising an excessive amount of capital from outside sources, and your board have little or no doubt that in a comparatively short time, say a few years, this new armada will be sailing, as it were, under its own steam. Meanwhile promotion charges constitute something of a burden which I feel confident our broad shoulders are fully capable of bearing.

This is not the place to discuss the momentary and meretricious appeal of some of the cruder aspects of television, though too sweeping a condemnation at this juncture in the history of a young art would be ill-advised; there are signs of improving standards of taste, for example, in the programmes offered by Rutland Regional Rediffusion, in which your board have recently acquired substantial holdings.

It only remains to me to refer briefly to the reduced dividend, clearly set out in the balance sheet so admirably audited by our accountants, without whose adroit services we should indeed have been severely handicapped, and to thank the staff for their unremitting loyalty, especially those trusted servants who will remain with us, I hope, for many years, after certain essential economies in personnel have been made.

F. L. M.

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"Look out, Mac, here it comes again!"

[With acknowledgments to The New Yorker]



*"I've got those Alan-Lomax-ain't-been-round-to-record-me blues."*

## The Young Table

By INEZ HOLDEN

"MOMMA's been the cause of four divorces this year. I can't stand Washy but Momma gives me the gripes."

This was what Dixie, the fifteen-year-old American girl, told us the day her home-breaking mother and globe-trotting stepfather, Mr. Washington Tides, left her at our school.

Although the school was billed on the prospectus as "a Home from Home," it was not an "Approved School"—in any case I don't suppose anyone could have been found to approve it—nevertheless our time was not wholly wasted as we were taught to know what we wanted was what we were not likely to get, and other useful everyday tips for life in the adult world to come.

As Dixie arrived, inconveniently, at mid-term and midday, there was no room for her at the "Girls' Table" for

the over-thirties, and so she had to sit with us at what was known as the "Young Table."

Dixie's opening remarks could not have been more ill-chosen, because home life was never mentioned at meal times. Most of the pupils had lost their parents through death, divorce, disgrace or foreign travel, and the few who came from reasonably sound homes were afraid of upsetting those who came from bad homes and those who came from bad homes were still more afraid of deeply distressing those who came from god-awful homes.

However, confidences were sometimes exchanged between close friends on afternoon walks. I had two such friends during that long summer always known afterwards as "Dixie's term." One was called Brenda and the other Brinda. Some idiotic adult once asked me if this

wasn't rather confusing. Naturally it was not. Brenda, who came from Cumberland, was almost an albino, whereas Brinda was Indian.

Brinda told me that her mother, although legally married to the Maharajah, was not his "first wife," and this led to awkwardness, and also wakefulness, in the Palace.

Brenda said that her father drank all day and all night. "Absolutely everything," she said—"alcohol, wine, beer and food."

"Does your Dad drink tipsy cake?" Brinda asked.

"Of course not, you fool," Brenda answered. "I meant that Father drinks all the money for the food bills."

Both girls began to giggle.

In the evenings we were supposed to sew while Fräulein Aberg read Shakespeare to us in what was called the



drawing room. But Fräulein Aberg, who was in fact Danish, had a curious accent which caused her to pronounce Hamlet as Omelet. During high tea at the Young Table one evening Brinda, sitting next to me, said "Would you like some more hamlet because if you wouldn't I jolly well would?"—the point about this being, as everyone knows who's been to a girls' school, that it is forbidden to ask for anything directly. But after this Hamlet was always called Omelet and omelet was always called hamlet.

Every term some disturbing situation arose, known as "a row." For instance there was the "Diary row" when we all wrote diaries which were confiscated. There was also the "Fancy Dress Party row" when a girl called Binky, who had been born in China, rouged her face with red paint from a textbook cover and blacked her eyes with boot polish, then she walked up and down winking and saying she was a tart from Shanghai. Fräulein Aberg was exceedingly angry about this because it happened to be some saint's day—although only a dethroned Danish patron saint as far as we were able to make out. Nevertheless we were deprived of all butter and jam for the rest of the term at the Young Table.

But naturally no row ever equalled in magnitude, melodrama or general shrillness the "Dentist row" in which Dixie was the central figure.

Dixie had told us that she had really only consented to come to this school at all because her Aunt Maime from Massachusetts happened to be staying in the town at the Spa Hotel. Whenever Dixie had to go to the dentist she stayed on to tea with Aunt Maime and was sent back to school in a car with a chauffeur. Both car and chauffeur looked splendid to the point of ostentation, but we thought this might be all right because they were American—just as the corsets worn by Monsieur Dupont, the fencing master, were all right because we had been told that he had once been in a cavalry regiment, although of course if he had been in the infantry corsets would have seemed unmanly.

We noticed that Dixie was making more and more appointments with the dentist and continually assuring everyone at the Young Table that her gleaming white teeth "ached like crazy."

One day at lunch Dixie asked Fräulein if she could ring up the dentist because her next appointment clashed with our rounders match in the big field when we of the Young Table were playing against the Girls' Table and Dixie with her knowledge of baseball back home was our only star player.

Fräulein inclined her thin exasperated head in consent and Dixie went out.

A few minutes later Joyce Griffiths, head of the school, and head of the school bible-reading society, asked to be excused.

It so happened that the lavatory door was near the telephone booth and as Joyce passed she heard Dixie saying "But holy cats, honey, you know I can't do that." Although a somewhat slow-witted girl, it did not take Joyce long to realize that no one would cancel an appointment with a dentist in these terms. So, weighed down with the responsibility of being head girl, she

told Fräulein Aberg what she had heard.

By nightfall my friend Brenda, who was a member of Joyce's bible-reading society, was saying "The house is divided against itself." She added that although there was nothing in the gospels like "Thou shalt not listen to private telephone conversations and then repeat them" Joyce should have known, all the same, that her action was wrong, especially as it would almost certainly result in Dixie being expelled.

Dixie herself, however, said she would be glad enough to go and she wondered why we didn't all tell our parents, guardians, or the Chancery, for those who were wards in Chancery, what a ghastly place this school was. We stared at Dixie in amazement before explaining that this was not the sort of thing you could tell adults, and even if we did they wouldn't hear what we were saying.





"You mean they just wouldn't listen?"  
 "That's right," we told Dixie.  
 "They wouldn't."

Dixie then went on to tell us that she had really only been to the dentist once—"just for him to check up and tell me my teeth were perfect." On all the other occasions she had been to what were called tea-dances at the Hotel Esplanade. "With a guy called Ed," she said. It seemed that Ed had a kid brother back home who was a friend of her kid half-brother, also back home, and Ed himself was staying with a tutor in the town before going on to Paris, France, to get the European background. Dixie said that once, when she had told her Aunt Maime that she was going out for a walk, she had arrived at the Hotel Esplanade way ahead of Ed, but two guys had picked her up in the foyer and she had managed a couple of tea-dances with each of them in turn before Ed showed up. "They both dated me," she added.

"Gosh, we got collective guilt and dry bread when Binky only *dressed up* as a tart," Brenda said, "so what on earth are we going to get for all this?"

So, rather in sympathy with Dixie—and after all, although almost sixteen, she had been willing to stay with us at the Young Table all the time—we were glad enough to see her go.

After Dixie had been sent to Aunt

Maime at the Spa Hotel her name cropped up at the Young Table from time to time. This was usually when one of us, on an orthodox trip to the dentist, saw her in the town. She was always accompanied by a young man. Brinda described him as "a typical Englishman," but then Brinda described

all white men like this. Brenda, on the other hand, thought he looked "a bit overdone." For me he looked so very much like "a young George Raft" that I suspected that Ed must by now have gone on to Paris, France, in search of more of the European background and Dixie was having to make do with one or both of the Hotel Esplanade tea-dance pick-ups. What was the attitude of Aunt Maime from Massachusetts in the Spa Hotel while she waited for Mr. and Mrs. Washington Tides to come back for Dixie? I was a bit bemused about all this and looked forward to hearing what they would have to say about it at the Girls' Table.

However, I never did graduate to the Girls' Table because a year later I was sent to another school, billed on the prospectus as "A Girls' Private School run on Boys' Public School lines," and I must say that with all the uniformed marching about, the constant ringing of bells and compulsory cricket it was quite something, so that soon I was looking back in tolerance to the readings of Omelet in the drawing room, the high tea with hamlet at the Young Table, and Fencing Master Dupont's cavalry officer's corsets and the games of rounders in the big field in that little home from home for the children of maladjusted parents.

## As Spelt

THE name Jules Verne, in some obscure connection  
 So lately in the news, may well return  
 With most of you—astonishing reflection—  
 Still sturdily pronouncing it Djools Vern.

Forgive a blunt uncompromising query:  
 By the same token, will you now confide  
 Whether you also talk of Paul Valecry,  
 And Prowst, and Djirawdooks, and Andry Gide?

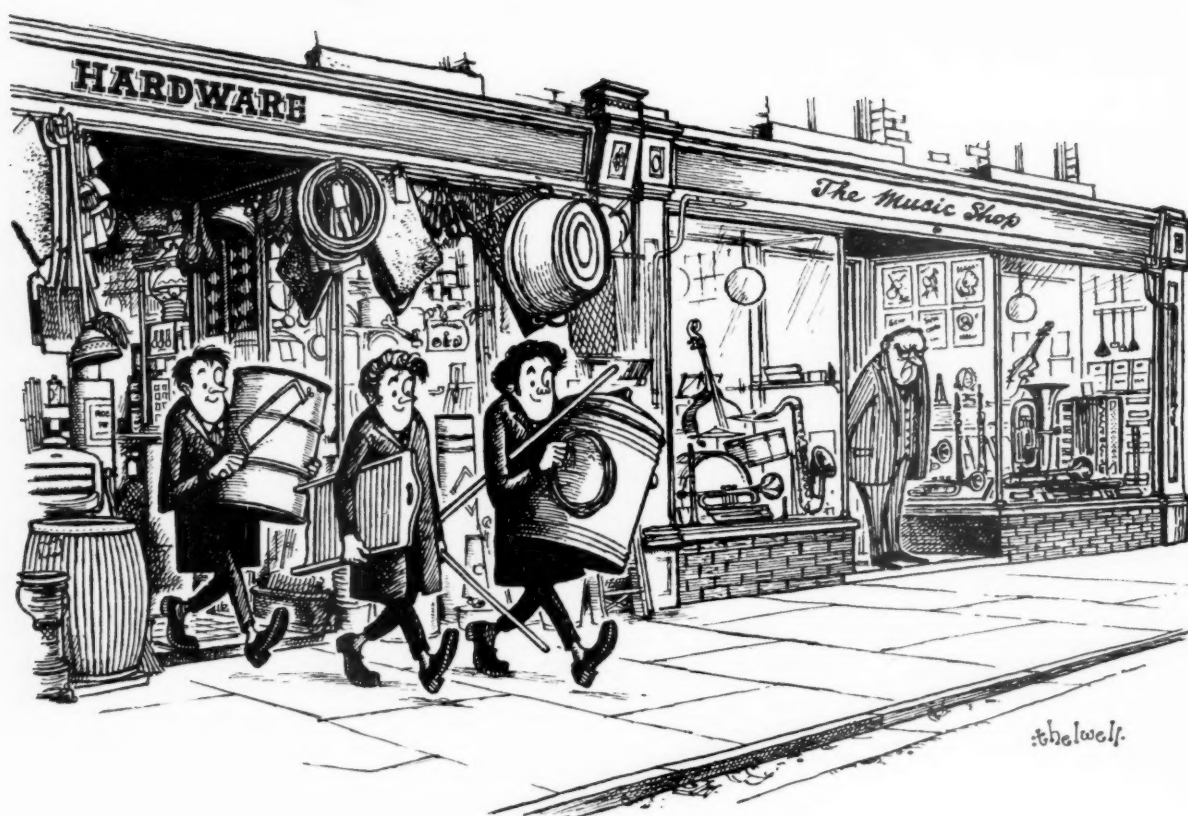
All right, go further back. With Molière  
 Few make much effort; but apart from that,  
 Do you rhyme Dumas with that little bear,  
 Rimbaud with *inboard*, Bossuet with fat?

I could go on: the list is full of riches;  
 The names sound well, phonetically read.  
 You can go on. You'll have your friends in stitches.  
 But me, I like to quit while I'm ahead.

RICHARD MALLETT



"You'll never guess what you're eating."



## Dogs, Moms, Etc., Etc.

By CLAUD COCKBURN

**T**HE use of drugs is not the only approach to the emotional problems of to-day's dog." This statement is made by no charlatan purveyor of good cheer but by none other than a staff writer of the eminent *New York Times Magazine*. It is thus reassuring to those in Britain who—like American dog-lovers whose dilemma is well, if harrowingly, indicated in the article—sometimes wonder whether, in the long run, it is better for bow-wow to have a neurotic twitch or a drug addiction. (The same question used to be asked about human beings.)

There are twenty-five million dogs in the United States, many of them emotionally maladjusted. (C. E. Harbison, of New York, who has "since 1944 borne the title of 'dog psychologist' of the dog-food subsidiary" of a company producing cereals, "firmly denounces the use of the word 'neurotic'

in connection with dogs." His observations of dog psychology seem to suggest that however neurotic your dog may look to you, it is because *you* are neurotic that your dog acts that way.)

It may seem to some that dog-champion Harbison, who "tours the country . . . and often goes into people's homes to coach them in dealing with recalcitrant pets," is here somewhat quibbling, and in a dangerous manner at that, because if his argument about dogs wins general acceptance the next thing will be that human beings will start claiming that, appearances to the contrary, they are not neurotic either—a claim which, if believed, could put the tranquillizer industry and the couch-makers, not to mention the men who, for a reasonable fee, will cut your skull open with an electric drill and remove a piece of your brain cortex for the good of your health, out of business.

Acting, however, on the assumption that, neurotic or not, a lot of dogs need a little something to help them fight those schizophrenic tendencies, the Warner-Chilcott Laboratories in New Jersey have developed a tranquillizer called Paxital—a drug, says the *New York Times Magazine*, "similar to chlorpromazine." To some it may be humiliating to learn that a neurotic dog needs less Paxital to become friendly and calm than a neurotic human has to take in the way of chlorpromazine. Even so, Paxital's rate of sale "is reported to have tripled original expectations since it was first marketed last October."

All this is important in itself, and also because it re-emphasizes (as cannot be too often done) the importance of keeping a close, devoted watch on what American men, women and dogs are at any given moment up to, for it is



self-evident that whatever they are up to to-day we shall be to-morrow, or at any rate in a decade or so. There were at one time those who, unaware of this truth, thought we should never have atom-bombs or the Ku-Klux-Klan. Yet now, in however humble and restricted a form, we have them both.

Thus it is essential, if we are to keep up at all, to note that thinking Americans have pretty well abandoned the idea that—for example—a man buys a cigar because he wants to smoke a cigar. This, it is true, has long been recognized even on this side of the Atlantic as a ludicrously superficial and, indeed, obscurantist notion. But the point is that the Americans, and more particularly American advertising agents, have now ascertained that to find out what does, in fact, prompt him to such a purchase, you need to make at least a "Thematic-Apperception-Test" and, if you want real results, a "Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory" too.

The whole bag of tricks—or rather, as I should have said in the first place but for an unfortunate slip of the tongue—the whole system is called Motivation Research, and to judge by current reports if this thing had not been discovered when it so providentially was, most people might by now have stopped drinking, smoking and buying motor cars and shoes altogether.

The Multiphasic Personality Inventory appears to be a little like—but much more so than—the kind of investigation without which no sane American executive would think of hiring so much as a lift-boy. After all, unless you have made a thorough snoop around the character and goings-on of the lad's mother and girl friend, how do you know he may not start worrying about something and shoot right past the eighteenth floor? In a properly organized society no one will dream of even applying for a job as lift-boy, sales manager or whatever it is unless and until he has satisfied himself that he has the right kind of mother.

In M.P.I. what they are after is not just what you feel about mom and auntie, but about pretty nearly everything, and to get at it they interview people in batches because, as is explained by a Mr. Vance Packard in a new book called *The Hidden Persuaders*, in such circumstances, resembling those of a revival meeting, people blurt out a lot

of stuff they would, given time for reflection, have much preferred to keep to themselves, and before she knows where she is the housewife finds the man pointing at her and demonstrating that when she bakes a cake she is "acting out the birth of a child."

Once you know that, as any advertising man can readily see, the business of getting people to buy more cakes is very much facilitated.

A good deal depends on assuming that everyone feels guilty about buying almost anything he or she wants to buy—as, for instance, drink or chocolate—and then making them feel that it is the right thing to do after all. Every time what he calls a "self-indulgent" product is sold, says Dr. Ernest Dichter, who, it need hardly be added, is a Viennese psychologist practising at Croton on Hudson, the buyer's guilt feelings must be "assuaged by couching the advertising in terms to make the self-indulgence morally acceptable."

The good doctor seems to overlook the fact that this makes things terribly confusing for the man who can actually go into a bar and order a double Scotch without any twinge of guilt at all. He simply does not understand it when the Dichter-trained barman keeps massaging his arm and saying "It's all right, old man, your're doing the honest, decent thing, no matter what they say. Savonarola and Sir Thomas More would

have drunk whisky if they could have got it. My, you're moral, old man."

One sphere of research upon which it does seem that the Motivation men have been somewhat wasting their time is the matter of banks.

To begin with, it seems to have come as a surprise to them that people are frightened of banks and bankers. Some of these researchers must have been leading very sheltered lives. They learned, according to *Time* magazine, that "loan companies, charging higher interest than banks, get more business because they had a 'lower moral tone'—the borrower could feel superior instead of inferior." And then they actually spent time and energy trying to find out why so many people would do almost anything rather than have the slightest unnecessary contact with a bank or banker.

If they had asked me I could have saved them all that trouble by letting them have tape-recordings of selected conversations I have had with numerous bank managers at different times. Simpler still, I could have given them an introduction to my current bank-boss. If, after that, they still felt they needed to do any "research" into the question of why banks give people the willies, I should judge that they must be the kind of people who cannot see a needle until someone has built a haystack round it.



"Dig the square on the hypotenuse."

## A NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF JAZZ and Popular Music

**B**LUES. Twelve bars in common time, with very rude lyrics expressing, as clumsily as possible, the woes inherent in marital relationships, murder, rivers, bereavement, illness, parting, hard work, imprisonment, being alive, fire, flood, famine, tempest, rail travel, St. Louis, Basin Street and certain other ill-fated localities. They are usually incomprehensible, being sung in very thick accents on scratchy records. In most cases, therefore, they may be played in front of children with reasonable safety. (In the whole course of musical history, no matter what your auntie says, no blues has ever been written about Limehouse.)



*American blues singer*

**Eton.** A village in southern England, popularly known as "the New Orleans of Buckinghamshire." See also Lyttelton, Humphrey and Wharncliffe, Earl of.

**Favourite, Old.** Sometimes known as a "good old good one," this is a number which the general ear is so sick of that the jazzman only dares present it in a form blurred into extinction by sustained *obbligati*. Care is taken that no sequence survives from the original melodic line, otherwise listeners may swarm on the bandstand and slit the tympanum skins with pen-knives. Invaluable for circumventing the Performing

Rights Society. It is said that when a P.R.S. inspector requested details of a six-hour recital by Art Tatum he was told that the only composition performed was Dvorak's *Humoreske*.

**Folk Music.** A development of *Skiffle* (q.v.). Skiffle purists maintain that their art is outside the main stream of popular song because it originates in traditional airs. When challenged to produce the original airs that have developed into, for example, "Don't You Rock Me, Daddy-O," they will explain that they have become lost in antiquity, or alternatively that "Don't You Rock Me, Daddy-O" is not true skiffle. Research by the Lonnie Donegan Society (formerly the Cecil Sharp Society) has revealed the interesting fact that folk music now exists only in theory, and its actual form cannot be deduced except by working back from its modern (skiffle) manifestation.

Also popularly known as folk music, but bearing no relation to the genuine folk music referred to above, are the songs that result from combining the words of one traditional air with the tune of another and recording the result in a Tennessee mountain accent to the accompaniment of an electric guitar.

**Humour.** In the tireless efforts of the layman to recognize, isolate, identify, define and, in many cases, avoid jazz (see ON) no helpful factor can be disregarded. Humour is one, because jazz has none. The laughter of the jazzman is mere animal hysteria, easily distinguished from the jolly, healthy fun of non-jazz dance-band forms, when the percussionist will don a tiny straw hat on elastic, or two members of the brass section come out in front and insult the conductor, their wives or each other. True, humour is sometimes suspected in the titling of bands or numbers—Bill Hal(ley) and his Comets; "I Don't Love you 'cos your Feet's too Big"—but it is tangential at best, and of dubious intention. When Fats Waller marked his conception of "Down Home in Tennessee" with the direction *Tempo De Log Cabin*, it was not at all clear whether he was being funny or not.

**Lord Above, The.** Deity commonly worshipped by popular singers. "The Lord Above" possesses certain superficial characteristics in common with God, but is never completely so identified because of the dubious reaction of various strict sects such as the B.B.C., who will not permit the performance of hymns of any accepted religion during programmes of popular music, with the exception of Gounod's *Ave Maria*.

The cult of the Lord Above possesses a creed of exemplary simplicity. Believers, for instance, believe that if you believe that there are angels, there are angels if you believe (see *If You Believe*). They believe in the efficacy of prayer, provided that it deals with emotional matters. They are aware of sin, and reckon the most widespread sin to be the sin of "loving you." To this, however, they all confess at the drop of a baton. (See *My Sin, Guilty*, etc.) Every kind of sin is redeemed by love, or lurve, so it is clear that most sin in the popular music world is self-cancelling. The cult has a number of saints, who go marching in.

The Lord Above, not surprisingly, dwells in Heaven Above.

**Lyric.** The succession of syllables which enable a tone-deaf popular singer to demonstrate to his fans that he is singing one song rather than another.



*A group of folk musicians*

Originally lyrics were intended to make sense (cf. *Drink to Me Only*), but more recently it has been the practice to put sense only into that part of the lyric, usually the first four or five words, which can be detached and used as a title. Certain formal rhymes, of which "moon" and "June" are the commonest, are used to mark off the division of the number into measures of four or eight bars, as required, in case the singer, by excessive employment of *tenuto*, *rubato*, backchat with fans, etc., loses his place.

**Modernism.** A recent development in jazz which involves the use of sight-reading, education, counterpoint, etc. The traditional forms of jazz were based on instinct, and if any taint of harmony or counterpoint made its appearance everyone agreed not to notice it. Modern jazz, however, is played, and sometimes actually composed, by musicians who have studied with someone who studied with Ravel, Milhaud, Gershwin, etc., and the harmony and counterpoint are introduced deliberately. Both schools now flourish side by side,

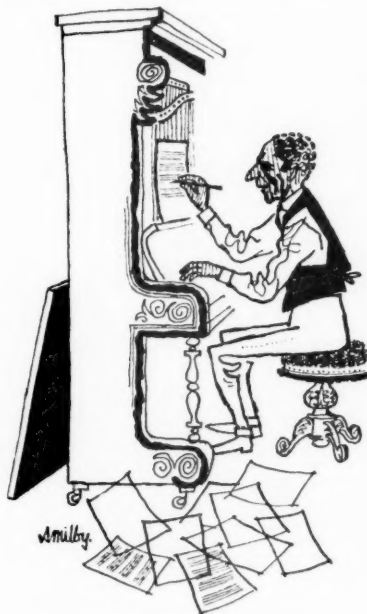


Modern and traditional jazz

but modern jazz can readily be differentiated from traditional jazz by the clothes worn by the performers. See also *Peas*, *Canning*.

**Morton, Roll, Jelly.** A raconteur and pianist invented by Alan Lomax. He used to put Spanish tinge on his red hot peppers, and could talk about himself for longer periods than any man since Boswell. He wrote practically

every piece of music from 1890 onwards, with the possible exception of *Tea For Two* and *The Rite Of Spring*, and what he forgot to write W.C. Handy did.



Jelly-Roll Morton

**Name Band.** A band with such unmistakably jazz names in it as Stalebread Charley, Slap Rags White, Snub Moseley, Bubber Miley, Pinetop Smith, Cow-Cow Davenport, Kingsley Amis, etc.

**New Orleans.** A town on the Mississippi, home of Jelly-Roll Morton (q.v.) and consisting of Storyville, the Famous Door, the Vieux Carré, Canal Street, Basin Street, Milneburg Joys and South Rampart Street Parade. Here jazz (q.v.) was invented early in the century by a syndicate consisting of Buddy Bolden, Kid Ory, Bunk Johnson, Freddie Keppard, Big Eye Louis Nelson, Sidney Bechet, Jimmie Noone and several others, most of whom later became famous for bouncing Louis Armstrong on their knees. They invented jazz by playing instruments called horns whenever they went to a funeral. Since they couldn't read music they made a lot of mistakes. Thus they invented ragtime, or syncopation, which had already been in use among classical musicians for upwards of five hundred years. Sometimes they weren't too sure which tune they were supposed to be playing, or whose turn it was to blow.

The resulting uproar became known as collective improvisation, or the New Orleans style, and was blamed by the long-suffering inhabitants on the Louisiana Purchase.

When they weren't attending funerals the pioneers used to cruise about the streets on wagons, one wagonload trying to deafen another with blasts from their trombones (instruments invented by Kid Ory for use while sitting on the back of a wagon). Any survivor of such an encounter was called King, but that didn't stop many of them from dying in the gutter during the depression. Meanwhile Buddy Bolden would be blowing a horn in the middle of a field, and they could hear him in Beale Street, Memphis. He went mad. At the same time Baby Dodds would be banging his rattle on the rails of his cot like an off-beat cymbal, and Jelly-Roll Morton would be inventing *Tiger Rag* to the first Brandenburg Concerto or something in a brothel, because that's where they kept the pianos. Jimmie Noone and Johnny Dodds would be practising on tin whistles to be the greatest and the finest clarinet players in the world respectively (not counting Picou, Bechet, Nelson, Baquet, Simeon and George Lewis—no relation to Ted).

All in all, New Orleans was quite a musical town, but it hasn't been the same since they pulled down Mahogany Hall.



New Orleans



**Oliver, "King," Joe.** Re-invented jazz, in Chicago (q.v.), as an answer to prohibition, and once said "Man, you're a musician, ain't you—what you want to know the key for?"



Joe ("King") Oliver

**On.** In jazz, the executant preposition. The concert violinist plays the violin and the theatre-queue entertainer plays the spoons; but the jazzman is "on" (the) drums, piano or bull- (i.e. bass-) fiddle. Perhaps the whole of the essential aggressiveness and immediacy of the form are in this. Perhaps not. But, for those in doubt whether they are hearing jazz or not, a useful pointer is to ask themselves whether the musicians are "on" their instruments or merely playing them. When Moiseiwitsch is first reported to be "on" piano at the Royal Festival Hall his conversion from the classics will be beyond doubt at last.

**P.C. & S.** Abbreviation of "Pads, Corks and Springs," the three elements in the saxophone family of instruments most constantly in need of adjustment, replacement and repair. The pads, which cover the holes to ensure true notes when keys are pressed, rot, split and exude coarse stuffing, or become unglued and roll out of reach under the bass drum: unintended effects result, occasionally of wild beauty. The corks prevent contact between the instrument's many moving parts; once lost or worn, a metallic rattling ensues, not unlike

metal castanets, and can seriously impair a fast solo passage. The steel springs return the keys to position after use, but tend to fall out of, or reverse themselves in their sockets, so that keys open which should close, or vice versa, or neither. Octave keys are especially vulnerable to P.C. & S. trouble, and are usually responsible when a saxophonist sounds like a boy's voice newly broken. (But this is sometimes because an enemy in the band has propped the player's octave-key open with a match-stick during the supper interval).

**Peas, Canning.** "Jazz is no more a new art form than canning peas," according to jazz-guitarist Eddie Condon. For further information about the art of canning peas, see the works of Stan Kenton, Dave Brubeck, Mel Powell, etc., *passim*.

**Ragtime.** The end of a playing session, when players draw dusters or rags through their instruments before re-pawning them.

**Rhythm and Blues.** A peculiarly refined subdivision of jazz that made its appearance during the post-war period. Its characteristics have been well defined by Count Basie, M.V.O., who said "There is no such thing as rhythm and blues."

**Rock 'n' Roll.** A form of Old Tyme dance-music which originated in North America during the middle nineteen-fifties. It was performed by a small band consisting generally of saxophone, guitar, piano, drums, double-bass and a man with funny hair who sang and sweated with equal profusion. One of the peculiarities of rock 'n' roll was the position adopted by its executants; although the pianist commonly played standing up, the remaining instrumentalists performed sitting down, lying down, or even upside down. The music of rock 'n' roll was loosely based on three chords and a four-four beat, and the words were loosely based on English grammar.

**Revival.** There came a time when gramophone record companies had to get rid of a lot of cobwebbed discs they'd forgotten to melt down, and hit on the idea of reissuing them with drooling biographical notes on the

sleeves. Immediately, a number of ambitious men from Des Moines to Runcorn bought second-hand B♭ trumpets and persuaded their friends that they were reincarnations of Joe ("King") Oliver on the one hand and Bix (Kirk Douglas) Beiderbecke on the other. This eventually gave rise to the Merseysippi Jazz Band, Bing Crosby's brother, and so on.

**Sending.** Though new to the musician's vocabulary in its particular sense (that of inducing a stupor of sonic intoxication) the verb "to send" could justly have enjoyed this interpretation ever since primitive man found that by blowing through grass held between the thumbs he could make music. He was sending his goats or his sheep. Later, the Plainsong of the monks sent abbots, and later still Minuets sent the French Court; the Victorian drawing-room was sent by ballads about philosophic tramps loved by their mongrel curs alone (third verse slower and in the minor). An observer of the modern jazz audience, provided he can resist being sent personally, may learn much from watching them being sent. Though there is a danger that even though the music may not send him, they will.

**Whiteman, Paul.** The originator of a form of popular entertainment in which every known white jazz performer of talent was assembled on a stage and set to play arrangements especially devised to conceal his individuality.

**Whiteman's, Paul, Rhythm Boys.** A vocal trio consisting of Bing Crosby, Harry Barris and Al Rinker. We never did hear what became of Harry and Al.



Name Band (not Paul Whiteman's)



# No Way to Run a Zoo

By ALEX ATKINSON

UNTIL recently the question of the giving of lighted matches to baboons has not taken up much space in the newspapers. I don't know how prevalent the practice is because I am working away from my books of reference, convalescent after an encounter with a Bactrian Camel, but I should put it down as pretty rare, on account of the risk of burning your fingers. However, there is an aspect of the matter which I should like to make known as widely as possible.

Like all true Englishmen I am a great animal lover, so as far as this Bactrian Camel was concerned I wanted to see how it would react if I cut a lump out of its leg, and it kicked me in the face.

Now, I think it should be made much more difficult for unsuspecting members of the public to get in among those Bactrian Camels with opened clasp-knives at all, because you can send away to Central Asia for another of the hulking beasts any day of the week, whereas if they had decided to kneel on me and eat part of my head there would have been a public outcry, and rightly.

It's the same with flamingos. I have a friend who is so fond of her dear little poodle doggie that she likes nothing better than to feed handfuls of burnt match-sticks to the Siberian Red-breasted Geese on the Three Island Pond, and watch them choke. But the facilities provided for this kind of experiment are so dangerously inadequate that many and many a time while creeping up on a goose, she has been set upon from behind by flamingos, and jabbed. And with a flamingo you never really know where you are because they are the only birds in the world which feed with their heads upside-down. A time should be set aside (say 4 p.m. in summer, 2.30 p.m. in winter) for conducted parties to be taken on the Three Island Pond in flat-bottomed boats with a sack of burnt match-sticks and some keepers to beat off the flamingos. That would take the smirk off the faces of some of those Siberian Red-breasted creatures.

I'm not happy about the organization at the Seal Pond, either. I've waited there for as long as twenty minutes at a time for a chance to throw in my piece of rusty machinery because those close-

packed sweating animal lovers simply would *not* move out of the way and stop heaving in their mint-rock, hat-pins, iced lollies, inner tubes, carrots, chewing-gum, chair-springs, lawn seed, daughters, mice, hair nets, cheese-and-tomato sandwiches, pencil-sharpeners, chips, mortar, clockwork toys, bottle-tops, pram-covers, fruit-and-nut chocolate, elastic stockings, breakfast cereals, haddock, cardboard cups and souvenir ashtrays. A proper queue should be formed, in my view, and each person allowed a maximum of two minutes (little kiddies with air-guns a minute and a half). I once met a man there in a greasy rain-coat, who'd got off a bus in Prince Albert Road, come in by the North Entrance *fifteen seconds after the Zoo opened*, scrambled over the Cranes' Paddock, swum the Regent's Canal, climbed up behind the Insect House, dashed at full speed past the Ape House, skirted the Elephant Paddock, and arrived breathless at the Seal Pond to find forty-seven men, women and children already standing round it five deep, fighting and yelping like Spotted Hyenas for a chance to make their throw.

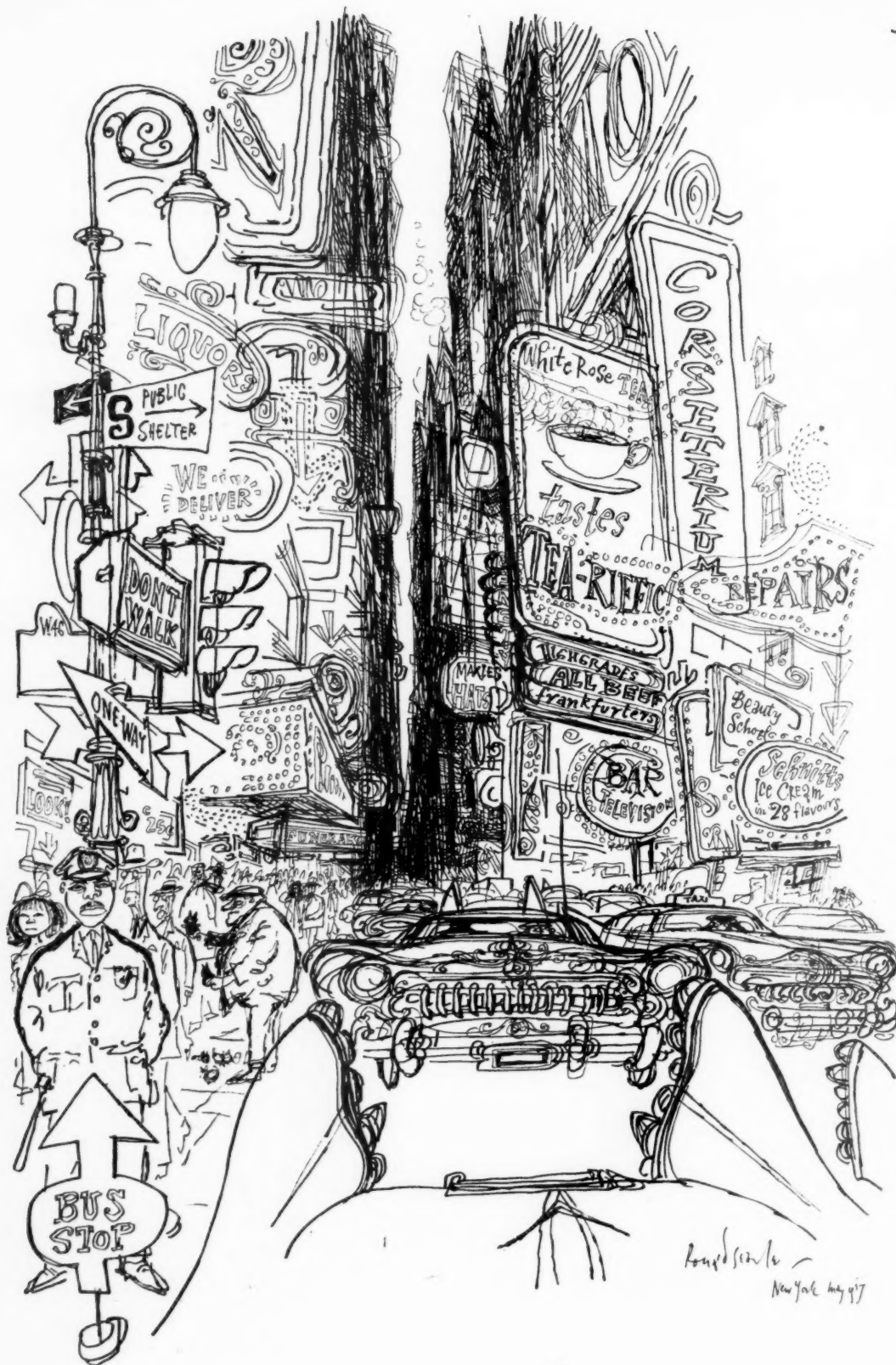
"I don't know if they'd stopped in here all night," this man said, "but I don't see how else they could have beat

me to it, not even if they was to have got the Tube to Baker Street, galloped up the Outer Circle, got in the Main Entrance, and come swarming up under the West Tunnel there on roller-skates." Anyhow, there they was, and here they are still, and me with all this anthracite coal on me hands. Pah! For all I care now, the bloody seals can live for ever."

Now that sort of attitude is likely to spread, and spread quickly. Unless prompt action is taken by the officials of the Royal Zoological Society it will lead sooner or later to a very grave deterioration in the relations between the Englishman and the animal kingdom. Unless suitable protection can be given to members of the public, and appropriate arrangements made for their comfort while maiming, poisoning, or otherwise working off their world-renowned love for dumb friends, the day will come when we will have seen the last of such traditional sports as Poking Pileated Gibbons with Sticks, Pulling Out Macaws' Tail Feathers, Frightening Lung Fish, Knocking Penguins Over, Squirting Ink at Sulphur Crested Cockatoos, Hitting Eagles, Giving Cheetahs Glue, Getting Hold of Mexican Bearded Lizards, and Sticking Long Pins in Syrian Bears. And that, gentlemen, will be a sad day indeed.

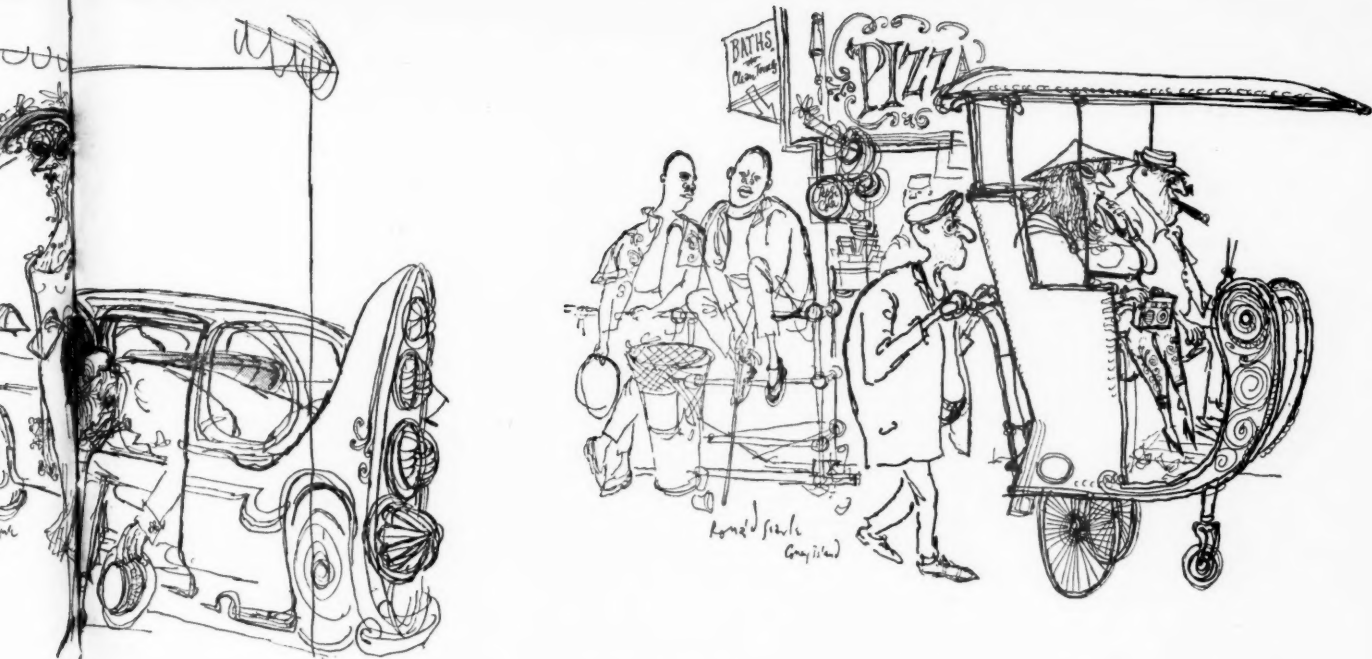


"Now we'll compare it with his bark and you'll see what I mean."



# SEARCH IN AMERICA





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ERI





# Candidus Does the Season

By LORD KINROSS

"IT is a fine day," remarked Candidus.

"A hot day," I corrected. "In this best of all possible climates this is known as a heat wave."

This, I went on to explain, was the season—known as the London Season—which lures the upper classes from their natural habitats on to the lawns and into the stands and the enclosures and the marquees of London and around. It should afford him plenty of opportunity to study the habits of the species. He has since been an assiduous patron of fashionable functions to which I initiated him on the fourth of June.

"There is to be a wedding?" he inquired.

"Not so far as I am aware."

"Then why are all these young persons wearing cutaway coats?"

"Because they are gentlemen," I replied. "Gentlemen assembled here for the best of all possible educations. These are the playing-fields of Eton, on which, as you will doubtless have heard, the Battle of Waterloo was won."

"In cutaway coats?"

"Well, more or less."

"But that was a long time ago. This looks to me more like a masquerade than a system of education."

The young gentleman accompanying us wore knee-breeches, and had a pony in his buttonhole. He led us into a hall where a number of other young

gentlemen, similarly clad, recited speeches first made, as Candidus noted, a long time ago. Leaving us for a moment, when this was over, our escort returned in well-pressed trousers, with a geranium in his buttonhole, and led us off to eat *foie gras* and strawberries in a glade in Windsor Forest. Late in the afternoon he left us again, returning now in a hard straw boater adorned with garlands and ribbons, and the uniform of a sailor of the reign of George the Third. Seated on the banks of the Thames, while those around us curtsied precariously to a Royal and similarly seated duke of Hanoverian aspect, we then watched him, standing erect in a procession of boats, with seven others of his kind, all holding their oars upright beside them.

"Out of respect to the River God," Candidus assumed. He looked around him, remarking on other young gentlemen, splendidly arrayed in silken waistcoats, their coat-tails lined with golden seals. They were carrying canes.

"These are noblemen?" he inquired.

"In a sense, yes."

He pursed his lips. "This is not then a very democratic academy."

"Certainly it is. These noblemen are elected for their popularity, moreover. They belong to a society called Pop."

"And they have duties towards their humbler subjects?"

"Many. The duty of keeping them employed running errands for them. The duty of seeing that they are properly dressed. The duty of punishing them if they are not."

"In what way?"

"With the canes, of course." Seeing Candidus's look of horror I added: "Caning in England is a gentleman's sport. Like foxhunting."

"And the victim enjoys it, as the fox does?"

There was a note of irony in his voice, such as I have observed of late.

The days went by, and the sun shone continually ("Nightmare in the Sun," ran a newspaper headline), and Candidus's social engagements abounded. The day arrived when I took him to Ascot. Within this Enclosure, I explained, as we gazed through its rails, was assembled the best of all possible bloodstock.

This was the great annual show, at which the princes and princesses, the lords and ladies, the squires and mistresses of Britain gathered together to show off their points, in immaculate costume and on the best possible turf, to an assembly of lesser men and women. Erect and sure-footed, they paced the lawns. Presently a procession of carriages drove down the racecourse, carrying members of the Royal Family and other fine specimens, drawn by horses nearly as well-bred as they. Lesser and greater alike turned their race glasses upon them, following them around as they entered an inner enclosure, protected by banks of hydrangeas, royal blue and finely nurtured.

As the band played, Candidus surveyed the scene with interest. "Yet another masquerade," was his observation. "All these people in costume, they are not connected with the stage?"

"Certainly not. They are thoroughbreds all. You will observe that they are neatly ticketed with their names—high-sounding names, double-barrelled, quite often, and titled."

"That they may identify one another?"

"Or themselves. Or that they may be identified by what are known as *hoi polloi* when they stray into the lesser enclosures."

"From where do they all come?"

"From different shires, different pastures."

"And what is the link between them?"

"That they are registered in the same stud-books. That they live close to the soil. Most of them lead what is known here as a country life."

"And how do they spend this country life?"

"They keep animals, and kill them. They grow plants. They drink gin. They breed."

"Always in costume?"

"As a rule not."

"Not then in those curious tall hats that they wear with their cutaways?"

"No. They hire those for occasions like this. And for marriages."

"Ah yes. It is a ritualistic hat. The hats of the ladies also? They are composed for the most part of flowers. They grow these hats?"

"No. But they like, in their hats, to



"Would you care to step outside and repeat that note?"





imitate nature—the herbaceous plants which they grow in their gardens.”

“And the birds which they breed in their trees? There are many, I see, wearing feathers on their heads. Fruits too. One lady is wearing a wreath of cherries—a familiar pagan custom. Plucked from the branches, I think.”

“I fancy not.”

“Their dresses too imitate borders of flowers, such as we saw at that ceremony in the hospital at Chelsea.”

“Yes, and so you will find does the upholstery in their homes.”

“I understand, yes. These are not masquerades. They are ritual observances.”

He surveyed the scene with a critical air. “They are all splendid specimens. But on the whole I find the gentlemen superior to the ladies. It is not so in my country.”

“It is the general rule of the animal kingdom. Ours, you will find, is a land for men and animals. Yours, I daresay, is a land for women—and things.”

At this moment some horses appeared. Quite as well groomed as the gentlemen, they passed with refined, delicate steps to the Paddock.

“The gentlemen will now ride on them, wearing the ritual hats?”

“No. Smaller gentlemen. Wearing

caps and brighter costumes. Here they come now.”

The little gentlemen, colourful as harlequins, rode the horses away. Presently a bell tolled, and they raced them around the course, while a loud-speaker announced at intervals the order of their running, and proclaimed the final winner. The glasses of the people were then turned once more on to the ladies and gentlemen, and the eyes of the ladies and gentlemen on to the princes and princesses.

“You will be telling me that battles were won here too,” Candidus observed as we walked away towards the station.

“Of course.”

“The Battle of Suez, perhaps.” I detected again that distressing note of irony.

The sun shone on, and the British grew daily more concerned. There were strained, worried looks on their faces as they paced the lawns of another battlefield, an august one where the bloodstock moved among the flower beds in the solemn ritual of an official garden-party. The British, I explained, are at heart a Puritanical people who disapprove of the sun, and have a profound respect for rain.

“That is why they carry those curious

instruments like wands?” Candidus asked.

“Umbrellas, yes. They are hoping for a splash of it before the day is out.”

And indeed, as the afternoon wore on, the skies began to darken. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning; then a peal of thunder; then the rain descended. The ladies and gentlemen, reluctant to unroll the umbrellas, ran, lithe-limbed and agile, to the shelter of trees and corrals, where they crowded happily together, purified and cooled, giving thanks for the blessings of the rain to themselves and their pastures.

“So the wands of the rain-makers have proved efficacious,” remarked Candidus. But he grew concerned. “They are huddling too close to the railings. Some nobleman will surely be struck by lightning.”

“I think not. The gods have always been on their side.”

His concern increased as he noticed an erect, moustached gentleman, resplendent in grey top-hat and red carnation, being propelled at some speed in a wheeled chair over the lawn. But I was able to reassure him.

“He has a touch of arthritis,” I explained. “The threat of rain brings it on. It is an ailment deeply respected among those who live close to the soil.”

# The Body on the Beach

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

L AID out above high water, the body on the beach is nicely browning under the celestial grill. It has been turned at regular intervals, and is acquiring that rich golden colour which, in the kitchen, is only achieved by preliminary dipping in egg and breadcrumbs. Here on the beach, sun-tan oil takes the place of egg and breadcrumbs, and carefully chosen cosmetics are used in lieu of condiments. Nothing is left to the capriciousness of nature nor the bludgeonings of chance; the owner of the body carries with her the instruments of her own destiny, for beauty or abandonment, in the plastic pocket which forms a cushion to the striped towelling rug which, in its turn, serves as a wrap for *plage* entrances and exits from the *plage*.

The body is clothed, if that is not an overstatement, in a garment whose

detachable shoulder straps have been detached lest they jeopardize the completeness of the tan. It is a one-piece suit, for that old-fashioned two-piece the bikini is no longer socially acceptable. Nevertheless, truth to tell, the bikini dies hard. Last year it seemed to be in its final spasms; yet this year it is still seen feebly kicking here and there. It even appeared in early summer in the collection of Italian beach fashions shown by Emilio Pucci at Woollands in London, which would seem to grant it a visa for continental resorts. But although Pucci *showed* a bikini, it was such a *little* bikini that it could really scarcely be seen. Just two frills, twice, it could not be said to add up to anything even if one put two and two together—which of course is just what one does not do with a bikini.

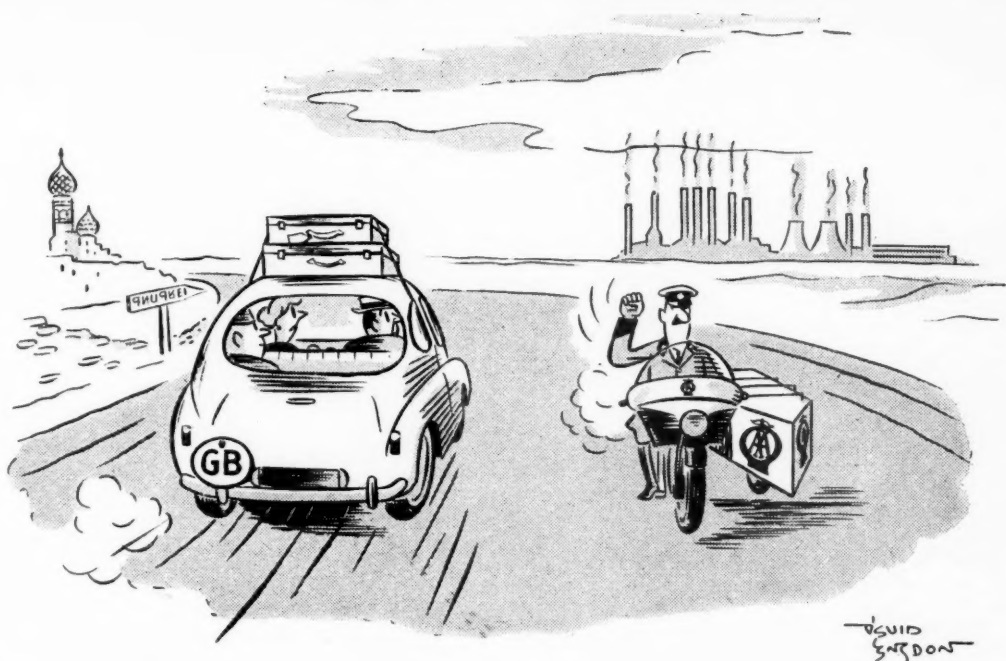
More concrete evidence of the bikini's present status was given by the distributors in Great Britain of Cole swim-suits. Designed in California, made in Australia, this collection is naturally a hot one. Yet among the many scorching models there is only one variety of the bikini: a little frilled set, two frills up and two frills down. Guaranteed to conform to Watch Committee specifications, this model was ordered in great quantities by shops in Scotland and the North of England. This proves beyond a doubt that the bikini is, fashionably speaking, finished; for when a fashion reaches Scotland and the North of England it has taken the final step to extinction.

So let us leave the bikini digging its own grave in the sands of Aberdeen and Blackpool and turn to its supplanter, the bloomer suit. This is an illegitimate descendant of Amelia Bloomer's original creations, the hereditary likeness lying in the fullness of the leg, brought in by a tight elastic. But whereas Mrs. Bloomer's puff-pants stopped below the knee, the modern ones scarcely even start. In spite of this they are particularly becoming to those who, in the crude parlance of the trade, are known as "hippy girls." It seems that even Madame Hippo by the water's edge can wear a bloomer suit with daintiness and decorum, the puffing of the pants giving a mercifully misleading illusion of slenderness and length to the legs. The Cole bloomer suits are shirred the whole way down the back to give a perfect fit; the side seams are boned, and they have built-in power-net brassières. Sometimes a little ballerina skirt goes over the puff pants, adding prettiness to pertness. Carried out in flower-printed cottons, or in plain cotton with lingerie frills, such little douceurs warm the heart if not the body. And yet, as far as they go, these suits are warm, each one being lined throughout with jersey. What is more, they are not just play suits or lounge suits; they are business suits, designed for serious swimming.

In another class, the millionaire one, is a collection of Cole suits valued at ten thousand dollars which did a *Vogue*'s tour of Europe last month and is at this moment touring the States. This



"But don't you see, madam, by putting up the price of coal we mop up excess purchasing power, thereby combating inflation."



collection is called SWIMSUITS OF TOMORROW. What a mercy it is that tomorrow never comes—for the collection includes models such as *Bauble for a Uranium Millionaire*, "a simple suit of classic design paved with 30lb. of rhinestones"; *Timed for To-morrow*, "a gold washed Alcoa aluminium number, set with two Gruen waterproof watches" (two waterproof watches—can time be so important to the rich?); *Diamonds in your Future*, covered with pendant crystals and with a row of nineteen diamonds across the bosom. All these suits are claimed to be seaworthy, although it seems unlikely that their wearers will be.

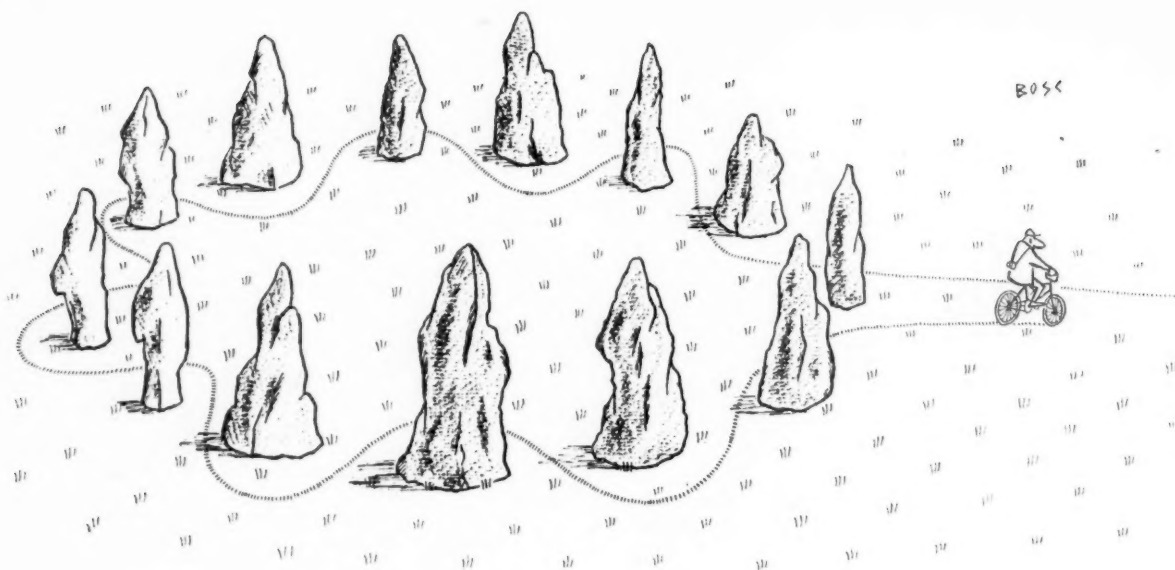
Skin seaworthiness and sunworthiness should be prepared and planned before the holiday. The plan perfect begins with a visit to an Elizabeth Arden salon for a top-to-toe treatment to render the prospective beach body aesthetically suitable for exposure to the relentless gaze of the sun and others. This preliminary grooming accomplished, a tanning agent is advised according to whether the skin be tough or tender; if the latter, there is Sunpruf Cream, which allows only a very gradual tanning. Arden suntan lotions and suntan oil (which can, if liked, be bought in an aerosole for even spraying) are in

two colours: honey for the blonde, café for the brunette. Also in these two colours there is Sun Gelée, originally prepared for winter sports, which keeps the skin supple and gives a healthy shining look—this year it is immensely chic to shine. Promoted by Sun Gelée, the shining look can be further enhanced in make-up by Velva Moisture Film which, smoothed on under the foundation, gives the moist and luminous look of youth.

For café-cover after the bathe the newest version of the essential beach jacket is Emilio Pucci's "topper." This has a draw-string round the hem, which is only an inch or so lower than the edge of the swim-suit—the approved length, also, for ordinary straight beach jackets. In Harrod's beach department there is a rather similar draw-strung garment in pale blue poplin, looking somewhat like a winter sports anorak. And here, as elsewhere, there are many sets of related garments: sets of shirts, shorts, sun-tops, jacket; bloomer sets of puff pants, sun-top, skirt and jacket; and linen sets of striped shorts and sun-top, with a plain jacket with a striped hood. Adherents to the high-waisted Empire line should look around for sets which include a very abbreviated little bolero fastening just under the bosom. This is

called a *câche-cœur*, and in fact hides very little but the heart. Even for that purpose it must prove ineffectual if you wear your heart on your sleeve, and in that contingency the only answer is a circular cape of towelling. This is a most useful dual-purpose possession, as it is designed to make an individual tent, yourself the tent pole, for dressing and undressing on the beach. It can be found at Lillywhites; or it can quite swiftly be home-constructed in some of the brilliant towelling that strews the shops this summer. This towelling, striped, spotted, checked, or riotously printed with tropical flowers and various specimens of marine biology, is the raw material of the most useful shore accessories: stoles, capes, togas, beach bags and hold-alls, beach rugs.

So there we will leave the body on the beach, stretched out on its brilliant towelling rug, anointed with honey-oil, shining, luminous. Neither flotsam nor jetsam, driftwood nor wreckage, the bodies flung up on the chic-er shores of life are those of calculated castaways from thought and thinking, voluntary sacrifices to the will-destroying Sun God; becoming, as the torpid days go by, meaningless, mindless molluscs exclusively adhering to the more modish rocks.



## On a Certain Blindness in Poets

TO JOHN BETJEMAN

THOUGH Shakespeare sees, through summer  
showers,  
Dim glories in the cloud-capped towers  
And youthful Milton finds delight  
In storied windows richly dight;  
Though Wordsworth dutifully sings  
His Cambridge lauds beneath the roof of King's  
And Tennysonian splendour falls  
Sonorously on castle walls,  
How strangely blind and dull of heart  
Are poets to the builder's art  
Till weather, war and all-corroding Time  
Have left it ruined and hence ripe for rhyme.

There is no hint that Chaucer gave  
One passing glance at Yevele's nave  
Rising new-quarried, fair and fresh,  
To lift a tall and tented mesh  
In benediction on the final stage  
Of every Canterbury pilgrimage.

Though Chapman's Homer could unfold  
Vistas more rich and rare than realms of gold  
It was for Keats, alas, a *dies non*  
When he beheld those stately dome-crowned walls  
That strangely stirred in him no sonnet "On  
First Looking Into Wren's St. Paul's."

And so I bring you my belated praise,  
You, who in our dishevelled angry days

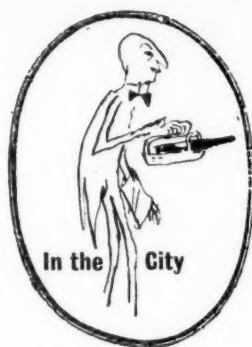
Made good the poet's long neglect  
Of craftsman and of architect;  
Who in uncompromising print  
Can, with a swift revealing stroke  
Convey the texture, tone and tint  
Of ashlar, leaded light and ancient oak,  
A sunlit colonnade's iambic march  
And all the tender gestures of the arch.

For you the meanest tower that shows  
Pale coping stones above pink cottage rows  
Holds thoughts that lie too deep for tears,  
The sweet quintessence of a childhood's  
years

Spellbound beneath the fierce, intense  
Sharp-focused beam of every sense;  
For still with childhood's eye you see  
The magnified minutiae  
Beneath the brickwork of Dissent  
And stone of the Establishment—  
The tortoise stove that ever goes  
With Wesley's hymns and Cranmer's prose,  
The parish bier beside the coke,  
The gargoyle with the private joke,  
The gallery clock, the belfry bat,  
The key that lies beneath the mat,  
And all the curious, precious panoply  
Of simple, native English piety  
From which you lovingly create  
Your raid upon the inarticulate.

E. V. MILNER





### Art for Safety's Sake

THE sale at Sotheby's of the Weinberg collection of French 19th and 20th century paintings realized £326,520—nearly but not quite a record. Most of the art critics were amazed by the intrepid bidding, for a lot of it was done by hard-faced business men and many of the pictures were not out of the top drawer. Denys Sutton wrote: "The sale emphasized that collectors—and a large proportion of the bidders come from this country—are eager to pay large sums so long as they can possess an example, however minor, of the major heroes of 19th-century painting." Another possible interpretation of this cultural spending-spree is that a large proportion of the bidders (their own assessment of the current financial situation powerfully reinforced by the Chancellor's speech at the opening of the new head office of the United Kingdom Provident Institution) were willing to pay handsomely for a hedge against inflation.

Who were the "mystery bidders"? I have my own views. One gentleman looked like a top-brass representative of the Transport and General Workers' Union; another may have been acting for the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation; and the man who signalled his intentions by touching his nose with the *Daily Worker* could have been an agent of the Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers. Fanciful? Yes, I suppose so. But the unions, according to tradition, do not invest directly in industrial stocks, and it would be perfectly reasonable in the circumstances if they decided to lock up their members' funds in a few Van Goghs, Seurats, Manets, Cézannes and Picassos.

After all nobody in the country knows better than the union leaders just how vicious the inflationary spiral is going to be.

The sale at Sotheby's is not an isolated instance of panic buying: for some months now dealings in pictures,

jewellery, trinkets and property have been exceptionally heavy—heavy enough to indicate a domestic as well as an overseas flight from the pound. And this trend is just as marked among people who live from hand to mouth, the millions of wage and salary earners whose only capital is in their skill, physical strength or know-how.

Board of Trade returns for May show that the amount of credit outstanding on hire-purchase deals increased by £12 million during the first four months of this year, that finance companies doled out nearly a hundred per cent more credit in May 1957 than in May 1956, that H.P. sales of cars were up by seventy per cent., electrical equipment (radio and TV) by ninety-five per cent, furniture by more than twenty per cent.



### Haunts of Ancient Peace

I KNOW of a house which is haunted. It is not a moated grange or thatched cottage. It is a modern villa built in 1935 and stands on the Cornish cliffs overlooking the Atlantic. Rather typically the farmer who built it, intending to retire there, called it "Atlantic Cliff." The same lack of imagination can be observed in the style of the house itself. It looks like a box and gives the appearance of having been dropped on to the field rather than built there. That is to say, it is too square to belong or merge into its surroundings.

But it is the ghost, not the architecture, which keeps it empty. During the war the farmer managed to let the house to evacuees from London. None was happy there: they drifted back to the city on some excuse or other, preferring the air-raids to the presence in the house. Since 1946, Atlantic Cliff has remained untenanted. The farmer has tried selling and letting it. Though it cost him a thousand pounds to build before the war, he has had to lower his price to seven hundred; even so, he hasn't succeeded in getting anybody to sign a contract, though several have come to

And alongside this boom in art, jewellery and consumer durables there has been a new rush by the public to ditch its surplus cash with industrial equities.

The hedgers and ditchers are of course behaving very sensibly. If the Government is so scared of strikes and pockets of unemployment that it will do nothing to protect the country against galloping inflation (preferring merely to call it an "expansionist economy"), then every prudent person must dig his own funk-hole.

Among investments in the news I particularly fancy the prospects of Seurat, the House of Fraser, W. & T. Avery, Metal Closures, Pye, Whitbread, Metal Industries, Broadcast Relay . . . and Grandma Moses. MAMMON

view. But no sooner do they walk round the building than the ghost becomes manifest to them. They depart and never complete.

Even his attempts to let it for the summer are frustrated, though he truthfully advertises it as "a well-built dwelling with every modern convenience and uninterrupted views over the Atlantic." Superficially, those details are correct: the bathroom is adequate, the house is on the mains and all tradespeople call at the door.

Social historians should note, however, that the reason the house remains empty is that the farmer is, in fact, lying when he advertises the house as having "every modern convenience." For to-day freedom and solitude are not considered conveniences but hideous tyrannies. Anybody taking this house at fifteen shillings a week with three acres of good land around it could be economically self-sufficient and socially independent. But that is what we pretend to want, it is not what we in fact require or seek. We have become dependent on our shackles and will sacrifice anything but our chains.

The reason that Atlantic Cliff is empty is because it is haunted. The ghost is ourselves; looking through the windows at the uninterrupted view we find that we are unable to tolerate our own company. To-day we don't believe in ghosts, but that is because we have become a nation of phantoms.

RONALD DUNCAN

### Queen of Spades

"SECRETARY/SHORTHAND-TYPIST, 17-25, to assist bury junior executives in large group property companies at address below."

Advertisement, Evening Standard



THERE are so many problems these days about which neither side even pretends to know what to do. No one knows what to do about inflation. No one knows what to do about coal. No one knows what to do about Cyprus. No one knows what to do about salad. "The jute industry," thinks Sir David Eccles, "is being undermined by paper bags"; and now comes along Dame Irene Ward and adds to the growing list of the insoluble the problem of Adam. She thinks that Adam could not help but eat the fatal apple when Eve told him to, and, contrary to more generally accepted opinion, the human race, it seems, fell not in Adam but in Eve. The invention of original sin is the latest and most important of feminist claims, which,

I fancy, even Mrs. Pankhurst never made. If Dame Irene had been Eve one can well believe that Adam would have had little say in the matter, but I feel that she would have told the serpent where he got off in no uncertain terms—that is to say, if serpents do get off.

The Conservatives started off the attack on Mr. Maudling for rising coal prices and static production. Mr. Gower asked how long this "dog chasing tail" policy was going on. Mr. Robens thought that there was nothing wrong with the miners except that there were not enough of them. Such as they were, they were producing more per head. How could one get more? Irreverent back-bench voices cried out "What about the Hungarians?" but Mr. Maudling, the statesman, in terror that something sensible might be said, preferred to state that "the effect of rising prices on inflation and inflation on rising prices are very complicated questions." At that they called it a day.

It was much the same when the House came on to Cyprus. Each side abundantly made its point against the other. Mr. Callaghan showed that the Government had no notion what to do now. Mr. Profumo and Mr. Lennox-Boyd showed that the Opposition had no notion what they would do when they came into power. For indeed a period of self-government is hardly an answer when there is every reason to think that the Greeks will say that self-government is not enough and the Turks will say that it is too much. We used to defend our position in Cyprus on the ground that it was essential for us to be there. We now defend it on the ground that we have no notion how to get out. Amid all the welter only one man, Mr. Walter Elliot, was clear what must be done, and he plumped for partition. The Conservatives do not like partition and the Socialists say that it is impossible. The unholy trinity of Kashmir, Fermanagh and Jerusalem, as Mr. Callaghan truly argued, do not make it appear a very inviting prospect. But in the country of the clueless the one-idea'd man is king, and who knows but that Mr. Elliot may prove to be the true prophet?

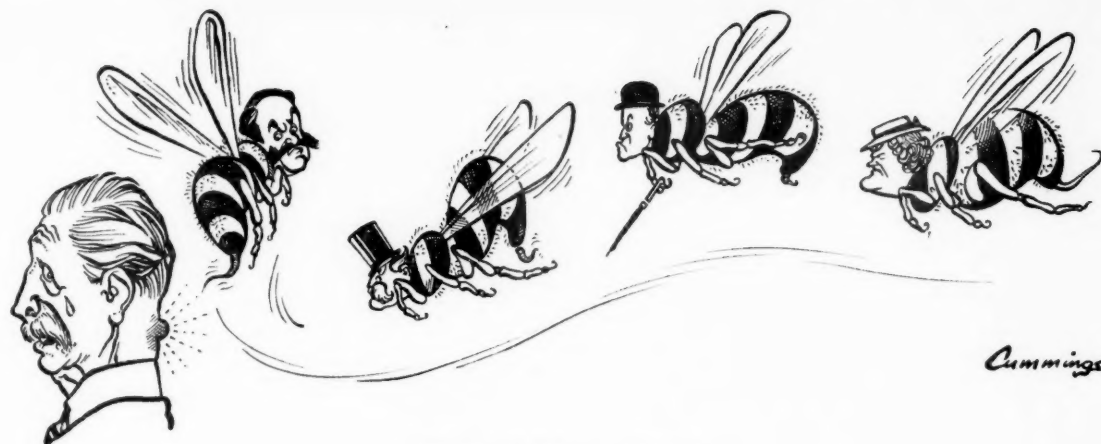
Sir Frank Soskice thought that the Colonial Secretary was like a mid-Victorian débutante, flat on her back, waiting to be asked to dance at the beginning of the ball. He had retreated into his ice-box—apparently still on

his back—where it was hoped that he would soon unfreeze himself. I have, I regret to say, known débutantes who were flat on their backs at the end of the ball, but even in the spacious social entourage of Lord Palmerston it was, I fancy, unusual for them to commence the proceedings in that posture.

What has happened to the forms on which tenants had to make their claims for disrepair? As with the Snark, it seems that it is impossible to discover. Mr. Butler on Monday engagingly confessed that he knew nothing about them and cared less, but he would ask Mr. Henry Brooke. By Tuesday a great many other people were prepared to ask Mr. Brooke as well. It had turned out that the G-forms were really T-forms after all, but apart from that nothing was clear—not even to Miss Alice Bacon. The Socialist breakers pounded upon the wreck with their monotonous moan of "Resign, resign," but Casabianca-Brooke was left by his colleagues just a little too obviously alone upon the burning deck to salvage the wreck. It is true that the rest of them were, it seems, all away at a Cabinet meeting about postage stamps, but some colleague, one feels—perhaps an Under-Secretary—might have gone and sat somewhere



Mr. Henry Brooke, Minister of Housing



Mr. Gerald Nabarro and friends

near and whispered something in his ear—even if it was only “Good-bye.”

*The Times* reports from Darwin that a high-powered delegation of scientists is to go to the Northern territory of Australia to discover why aborigines always stand on one leg. We hope that Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth will be included in that delegation, for the aborigines are at least one leg up on him. Sir Robert Boothby complained that he had never heard “a more chaotic or idiotic debate” than that on the Arundel Estate Bill, and indeed Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth, who led for the Duke’s men, won hands down the prize for the silliest speech that has ever been made in Parliament since Simon de Montfort invented it. The Duke had already publicly announced his readiness to drop all the controversial clauses of his bill and to ask for no more than to be freed from the entail. On that understanding there was every reason to think that the bill might go through without opposition. Instead of leaving well alone, Sir Hugh plunged into a chaotic and incomprehensible defence of all the highly controversial clauses of the bill, for whose removal he was himself going subsequently to vote. Doing so, he naturally aroused the gravest suspicion among those who had previously been critics of the bill that there was some trick to be played on them; and what between Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth and Mr. Grimond’s new liberalism of people travelling round the country in charabancs in order to get a peep-show at dukes’ toothbrushes the bill came within an ace of being lost. If the Duke of Norfolk wants to hire his toothbrush

out at sixpence a time for trippers to look at he is perfectly entitled to do so, but it is an odd new liberalism which asks that he should be compelled to do this by Act of Parliament.

When it eventually had scraped through its second reading there was further chaos about what clauses then to cut out of the bill. Sir Hugh seemed to suggest that it would be a statesman-like compromise first to cut out the compensation clauses and then to put them back again. It was certain that such conduct would have been insane and doubtful whether it would have been in order, and eventually when Sir Lynn Ungood Thomas moved an instruction to omit the controversial Clause 7, a knot of Duke’s men was seen clustering round Mr. Butler, who was presumably explaining to them that the Duke was the best Earl Marshal that we had, and the instruction went through without a division. It is a sentence that one writes only with pain, but it was impossible not to reflect that things might have been better managed had the Whips had the managing of them. Indeed the bill could hardly have been worse handled had the Attorney-General been in charge of it, and the Duke, looking down from the gallery on his supporters, must have reflected, as another Duke reflected once before him, “I do not know what effect they have had on the enemy, but by God they frighten me.” By removing from the Duke any obligation to pay compensation the House gave him an uncovenanted benefit for which he never asked.

What is the point of having an Opposition? Again and again we have

found that when a complaint is lodged against the Rt. Hon. Tweedledum for his incompetence he replies not by addressing himself to the merits of the complaint but by explaining that the Rt. Hon. Tweedledee did much the same when he was in office. Now this is supported by a second argument. If postal rates have gone up in Britain, at least they have gone up less than in any other country except Spain and Portugal. That is to say, so long as the whole world is ruled by lunatics it cannot matter much. And of course the Opposition, through the mouth of Mr. Williams and Mr. Ness Edwards, entirely agrees with the Government. And if we cannot do anything else about telephone rates, let us at least have differential rates. “Tapped 3d., untapped 6d.,” or alternatively go to Hull.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

3 3

“Refund will be calculated on one of the formulae shown below, where A is the residence at which the furniture was in use (see (a) or (b)); S the store being x miles from A; and B the next place of residence being y miles from A and Z miles from S.

(i) If Z is less than y, the calculation will be Cost S to B plus  $\frac{(y-Z)+10}{x}$  of Cost A to S.

(ii) If Z is greater than y, the calculation will be  $\frac{10}{x}$  of Cost A to S plus  $\frac{y}{Z}$  of Cost S to B.

Subject in all cases to the payment not exceeding  $\frac{10}{x}$  of Cost A to S.

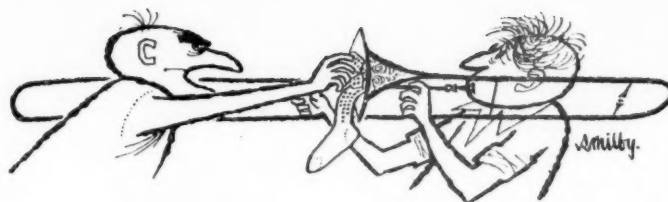
plus  $\frac{y}{x+Z}$  of (total Cost of Move A to S to B).”

Extract from Appendix to Naval Pay Regulations

Still the Silent Service?



# CRITICISM



## BOOKING OFFICE To be Revived Shortly

SUBJECTS, like styles, get worn out and are avoided by writers simply because in the past they have been overdone. Any amount of good material is ignored by contemporary literature; but it will not stay ignored. Sooner or later writers will realize that the reading public is subconsciously starved for charnel-houses, martyred virgins, changelings, cubbing or pawkiness and then the want will get over-supplied. The number of vanished literary modes awaiting revival is quite cheering to anyone who is beginning to feel that the dominant fashions of to-day are getting outworn.

The death-beds of infants are unlikely to repeat their old success. The public does not really believe in disease, and instead of being harrowed by a death-bed gets irritated because the family do not change their doctor, everything being curable since they wrote up penicillin. Dying horses might appeal to the schoolgirl trade, though this cannot be really big money. Yet there is an obvious opening here; the reading public has not had a good cry for years. We live in a materialistic age and, whereas the post-war world after 1918 talked of casualties, the post-war world after 1945 talked of bomb-damage. It seems likely that loss of property might cause more enjoyable grief than loss of life. The end of the family Rembrandt, zealously cleaned by bob-a-job Scouts, or the wrecking of the great Boudoir by drunken tourists would make admirable sob stuff. The death-watch beetle might well succeed the pneumococcus in the sadder sort of fiction.

The good old regional novel stays untouched by the so-called provincial novelists, who are much more concerned with being non-metropolitan than with repaying a debt to Wessex or Mercia for nurturing them. Of course, places do tend to get like other places, but mainly in front. Behind the façades of the chain-stores in the High Street enough of Old England remains to be usable. The local history movement in schools may well result in an increase of folk

memories, picturesque customs and salty speech habits. Vast conurbations still lack their many-volumed chronicles. Are the industrious young settling down to invent false names for all the streets of Wandwell, that fascinating South London area? Shoredean, south of the South Downs between the Adur and Rottingdean, ought to be good for as many novels as Dartmoor, while the half-mile radius from the Savage Club, Carltonia, would suit the less pedestrian novelist.

The pastoral convention depended on



the survival into a time of commotion of a way of life that had developed in a simpler age. It was a good, hard-wearing convention and serviceable whether the time of commotion were the third century B.C. or the eighteenth A.D. Shepherds to-day are getting rarer and when found tend to talk like amateur vets; but there must be enough survivals left in towns to provide material for the urban bucolic. The muffin-man, the lamp-lighter and the footman are archaic but not extinct. They would make admirable characters for modern Eclogues. They would also prove useful for aristocratic masquerade and vice.

There is a perceptible trend of

confession into boast that might be helpful. The opium-eater becomes the mescaline-experimenter, the suddenly hiccupped confessions of the drunkard are followed by the arty raptures of the wine-bibber, shame-faced accounts of being ruined are superseded by flaunted gallantries. The approach for the future should be to fight the gradual reduction in the number of vices available. There are seven deadly sins and perhaps more since the Reformation. Lechery has had far too great a share of escapist literature. What about Covetousness? There once used to be a good supply of lives of misers by themselves. To-day, if I am right about the trend, there is a place in autobiography for the vain-glorious miser, for self-satisfied accounts of sharp practice and ingenious economies. I foresee dreadful culinary boasts.

The misadventures of an Innocent delight cinema audiences (who are not concerned about the wasting of Mr. Ian Carmichael), but they are no longer much used for fiction. One difficulty is in finding a probable Innocent. The clergy used to be invaluable but now they are not quite so out of touch with daily life and like to parade their acquaintance with such up-to-the-minute phenomena as Swing, Betty Grable and sarongs. I suppose you could have a Civil Servant whose classical education made him an Innocent in the Ministry of Supply, but getting a formula wrong does not sound like a belly-laugh to me.

Nothing has replaced the novel of Irish humours, with its madcap cavalry captains, its richly confused peasant speech, its wagers and hoaxes and devil-me-care fun. Contemporary Eire is not the milieu for the broth-of-a-boy. The trouble is that there is now no half-foreign country we can treat with patronizingly affectionate amusement. This means that the novel of high spirits against a background of laughable stupidity will have to be transferred to one of the regions of the home country, where no question of bad taste can harm overseas sales. This region must have a good deal of open space for capers. There must be villagers to gawp at the gentry and mix up proverbs. There

must be dashing girls to be eloped with. Tentatively I suggest Wiltshire.

I doubt whether much can be done about the epic, but surely there will always be a place for ethical couplets.

R. G. G. PRICE

**Close to Colette.** Maurice Goudekot. *Secker and Warburg, 21/-*

Colette's third husband, seventeen years her junior, writes with a lightness and tact that gives this book conviction and distinction. The picture of his famous wife is at once realistic and unselfconscious. Colette is so beloved of her fans that her true place in French literature remains hard to chart under a mountain of eulogy. Here, we are shown her as a personality, and, by implication, M. Goudekot too, who is determinedly modest, whether showing his composure when assumed by strangers to be his not wholly scrupulous predecessor, "Willy," or describing his experiences in a concentration camp during the German occupation. Colette's *My Apprenticeships* and *Music-Hall Side-lights* appear in one volume by the same publisher at 15/-. But when are we to have a biography of "Willy"? A. P.

**Triptych.** The Earl of Bessborough. *Heinemann, 25/-*. **Three Plays.** James Forsyth. *Heinemann, 25/-*

Lord Bessborough has carpentered three painstaking chronicles of English ecclesiastical and political life between 1240 and 1307, thronged with tortuous royal relationships not simplified by the shortage of Christian names at the time. Edwards and Henrys and Eleanors take the stage in stained glass attitudes, but the mass of research defies dramatic organization and the necessary contextual duologues smack of alternate passages recited from a history book.

The three plays of James Forsyth are richer in emotional invention. François Villon's cutpurse romanticism, the anguish of Peter Abelard, Queen Adelaide in her wan despair, are painfully compelling in human terms, and leave the mere facts of history in the margin. The poetry, often moving, sometimes betrays contrivance ("laughter rafted" is too much). Mr. Forsyth is drawn to suffering with an instinct not always dramatically sure. A woman's beauty ravaged by plague, or a man dealt the most horrible of mutilations, are assaults on the sensibilities exceeding the proper bounds of theatrical violence.

J. B. B.

**Collected Short Stories.** Aldous Huxley. *Chatto and Windus, 21/-*

Mr. Huxley has never been at his best in the short story. It lacks space for the conversational delights he puts into his novels. He is interested in typing human behaviour but not really in people, and he has never been much of a stylist. How odd it is to come back to this early work and find it so old-fashioned, with its

chatter of eighteenth-century Italy and its detective-writer's caricatures of the arty and the vegetarian. Much the best stories are the frankly magazine ones, with their Stacy Aumonier plots and their efficiency. "The Gioconda Smile," for example, wears very well. As soon as they aim any higher they go to pieces. They lack urgency and maturity. It would be interesting to discover why the novels and the biographies wear so much better. Could it be that the short stories were written for cash, while Mr. Huxley's muse has always been essentially responsible and didactic?

R. G. G. P.

**Men and Monuments.** Janet Flanner. *Hamish Hamilton, 25/-*

In the great 1913 explosion of American anger at the decadence of modern European art, the Illinois senatorial vice commission thundered against "foreign four-flushers," and Matisse sent a sedative message that he was a devoted husband and father. Since then American collectors have bought steadily, and public interest is sufficient to justify these long and thorough studies of Matisse, Braque, and Picasso written for *The New Yorker* by its lively Paris correspondent. Prices rather fascinate Miss Flanner. She is not an original critic but she is industrious and intelligent, her profiles are vivid and her assessments sensible and detached.

In this collection she includes a good account of the fabulous career of André Malraux, one of the few ex-Communists to hold the D.S.O. and now accepted by most Frenchmen as Gide's successor to their literary throne; but perhaps the best thing in the book is her admirable report on the Nazis' planned pillaging of Western art and the patient detective work that finally recovered the swag.

E. O. D. K.

**Leftover Life to Kill.** Caitlin Thomas. *Putnam, 18/-*

This is an extraordinary book, which some people will find distressing. On Dylan Thomas's death his widow took their youngest child to live on a small Italian island where she tried to come to terms with her grief. Although there are a few quite long references to her life with her husband, most of the space is given to her compulsive outraging of Italian susceptibilities, her harsh drinking, and love-making.

The book is written in prose that is sometimes piercingly articulate and sometimes too obviously imitative of Dylan Thomas, though a critic in *The Times Literary Supplement* has perceptively noted that on the whole her prose is nearer to that of Wyndham Lewis. It looks as though Dylan Thomas is going to inspire a literature as extensive as D. H. Lawrence did, though of higher quality. The incredible Malcolm Brinnin did, at least, produce the most vivid pejorative account of a poet since



"And what, if you will pardon my appalling ignorance, are 'top people'?"

Jefferson Hogg; and Caitlin Thomas's book, in spite of its strident tone and its obsessive lapses of taste, is far more striking than the ordinary run of production by "literary widows."

R. G. G. P.

**Flying to 3000 B.C.** Pierre Jeannerat. *Hodder and Stoughton, 16/-*

Created by Europeans from top to bottom, the science and study of pre-Christian antiquities of the Nile basin are now in sole control of Egyptians. The author of this book raises some doubts as to their efficiency although he also considers they are not given fair treatment. In making an appeal for the resumption of the Tanis excavations before the proposed irrigation dam above the Aswan buries dormant information, M. Jeannerat urges Western scholarship to sustain Egyptian keenness in Egyptology. An interesting theory on the spiritual purpose of the pyramids is propounded which differs from that put forward by I. E. S. Edwards in his book *The Pyramids of Egypt*. Contrast skilfully employed can be very effective, but to utilize fifty pages before the epilogue of a book mainly concerned with the B.C. era on a fantastic dream flight to an era when humans have ceased to exist and elephants rule the world seems unnecessary.

A. V.

**The Lion and the Throne. The Life and Times of Sir Edward Coke, 1552-1634.** Catherine Drinker Bowen. *Hamish Hamilton, 42/-*

Sir Edward Coke became "an oracle to the people." He personified the Common Law and he carried over its mediæval prestige into the 17th century against the innovating power of kings, with vital consequences to the whole English-speaking world. His personality and

background are here elaborately portrayed. Thrusting, litigious, "Kuke" came out of Norfolk. By way of Trinity, Cambridge, and the Inns of Court, he achieved great place. He won notoriety as the ruthless Attorney-General who prosecuted Essex and Raleigh and the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot. But as Lord Chief Justice of England this harsh careerist risked his all against the pedantic tyranny of James I. Coke's *Institutes and Reports* became the classic exposition of the theory and practice of English Law. When, over most of Europe, arbitrary power increasingly held sway, in England, in Maitland's words "that wonderful Edward Coke was loose—masterful, masterless man."

This panoramic biography is rich in detail and atmosphere. It is at once a study in character and a portrait of an age. It is based on deep research, but it will appeal to the general reader and it deserves wide popularity. J. E. B.

**On the Beach.** Nevil Shute. Heinemann, 15/-

World War III is over, and the end of the world is at hand. The northern hemisphere is a radioactive graveyard, and Mr. Shute writes with dull calm of a small community in Australia with nothing to do but await the inevitable arrival of the deadly airborne particles.

As they do so they continue to feed their babies, tend their gardens and generally behave with horrible normality. There is no panic, little repining, only a slight sense of "unfairness"—the word is used—that some distant conflict started by Albania should end their unoffending lives. At last, resigned, they retire in good order to their beds, the sickness on them, and swallow their little suicide pills. The story has a vile fascination, and its fallout hangs in the mind most disagreeably. J. B. B.

**Escape of the Amethyst.** C. E. Lucas Phillips. Heinemann, 16/-

It is always a source of amazement that the Communists take such pains to present their own version of any episode which highlights their barbarities. Their reports of the *Amethyst* adventure both as to the reason for refusing to allow the right of unmolested passage to the open sea and their angry outbursts for retribution and blood on the "infamous" escape were true to form. The epic of the escape, after being forcefully kept up river for more than three months, is a story of tremendous courage and high morale despite miserable conditions. Following *Cockleshell Heroes*, an absorbing record is expected from the author and the reader is not disappointed. A. V.



Mervyn Brown—DONALD SINDEN

Jane Maxwell—MURIEL PAVLOW

## AT THE PLAY

'Odd Man In' (ST. MARTIN'S)  
Oh! My Papa! (GARRICK)



WHAT is it in our golden tongue that denies the featherweight by-play of French triangle comedy? Can it be that a little of the suet of puritanism has clogged some of the finer jets of language on which alone the ping-pong ball of spry amorality can dance? Not that Robin Maugham has made anything but a neat job of Claude Magnier's *Odd Man In*, transferring it from the Camargue (one guesses) to Romney Marsh, and tactfully anglicizing its plot; but even reasonably deft English is not up to the task of keeping the play where it belongs, in the air. In Paris, where it ran for ages, it must have been much funnier, and I mean no discredit to English actors, who excel at other points, if I say they are not so practised as the French at this highly specialized game.

The components of *Odd Man In* are standard to many similar little French comedies. A and B are husband and wife, C the intruder on their marriage. A surprises B and C; then A and C gang up on B; and then A and B combine against C, and so on, in this case for far too long. But if the later permutations begin to smack too openly of a mechanical formula, at least the start is original, and its echoes keep the first act moving briskly. Taking half a powerful sleeping draught, the bored wife goes out into her garden for a breather, and when she totters back to bed it already contains a stranded motorist who has come in to telephone, thirstily knocked back the rest of the drug, and dropped insensible. Unconscious of one another, they are awakened by the furious husband, home a day early. A nice situation, and Harold French's production uses it well.

The intruder is nearly always the easiest part, but even so Donald Sinden seems to get nearer the French method than Muriel Pavlow or Derek Farr, whose perfectly sound performances would serve admirably the average English frivolity. But Mr. Sinden finds a spark of inspired lunacy, and seems to enjoy it.

The Bristol Old Vic, which gave us *Salad Days*, is in London again, with the popular Swiss musical, *Oh! My Papa!* Why the Alps should have rung with this strangely old-fashioned entertainment I cannot quite understand, for it is very naïf and very sentimental. Its humour is teutonic, and there is no attempt at wit. The book and lyrics are undistinguished, and apart from the title-song its music is ordinary. And yet in its simplicity and liveliness is something likeable; I have seen grander musicals with less charm, and at the end I was surprised by booing that to me had the ugly ring of malice.

Papa is sixty, and the comic elders gather to celebrate. The black sheep comes too, a circus king who all but



inveigles Papa's fluttering daughter (loved by a pure young gardener) away to the bright lights; and to show us what she will be missing while in the arms of the gardener we are taken, as in a dream, to the circus to watch the prim Victorian aunts and uncles doing their turns as animals. Clean, bourgeois fun, of the least complicated kind.

That good actress, Rachel Roberts, looking magnificently Toulouse-Lautrec as the black sheep's foreign wife, has some embarrassingly bad songs, which she sings in a way which those lucky enough to possess the record of Florence Desmond's rag of Dietrich will recognize. Sonia Rees, who has a voice, is a newcomer of promise but a little arch, and Laurie Payne's dashing ringmaster contrasts vividly with the rest of his family. But the only interesting acting comes from Peter O'Toole, whose invalid uncle is one of those rare comic creations one can watch with inner pleasure.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The silly season has never better earned its name. But a few blue chips survive—among them *A Dead Secret* (Piccadilly—5/6/57), *The Chalk Garden* (Haymarket—25/4/56), and *At the Drop of a Hat* (Fortune—16/1/57).

ERIC KEOWN



### AT THE PICTURES

*Sweet Smell of Success*  
*The Shiralee*

THE millions who want drip can have *Miracle in Soho*; give me *Sweet Smell of Success* (Director: Alexander Mackendrick), an acid, tough, mordant, admirably done and thoroughly stimulating crack at cold-hearted unscrupulousness as exemplified in a ruthless newspaper columnist and a disreputable press-agent. The latter, Falco (Tony Curtis), is quite openly willing to do anything, anything at all, for the sake of "the sweet smell of success"; as somebody says, he has "not a drop of respect for anything" and is "completely immersed in the theology of making a fast buck." He is a sedulous hanger-on of the celebrated and powerful columnist J. J. Hunsecker (Burt Lancaster), who contemptuously employs him to do certain dirty jobs. One of these, the one with which the story is mainly concerned, is to break up the prospective marriage between Hunsecker's much younger, pathologically adored sister and a young man who plays the guitar in a night-club. This he at first succeeds in doing (even he has qualms about the final piece of treachery that is necessary, but he falls for the proffered reward of taking over Hunsecker's column while he is away), but in the end both he and his savage megalomaniac boss get their deserts.

It is by no means a pretty story, but the crisp, hard-hitting authority with which it is done (script by Clifford Odets



Susan Hunsecker—SUSAN HARRISON

*[Sweet Smell of Success]*  
J. J. Hunsecker—BURT LANCASTER

and the author of the original novel, Ernest Lehman) make it a stirring pleasure to watch. The scene is New York, mostly by night: newspaper-offices, crowded streets, the bars and night-clubs where Falco goes to find pickings, his own dingy office where his sad, mousy little secretary (Jeff Donnell—good) worries about him, the TV studio where we see Hunsecker warming up for a broadcast—all these and more are presented with an eye for authentic detail and a movie-making skill that keep one quite absorbed. Mr. Curtis and Mr. Lancaster make a blood-chilling pair of scoundrels, nicely differentiated (Hunsecker is coldly complacent, Falco *knows* he is a worm), and the British director must take a bow for a brilliant piece of Americana.

*Shiralee* is an Australian aborigine word meaning burden, and *The Shiralee* (Director: Leslie Norman) of a swagman named Macauley is his five-year-old daughter, seized by him in a moment of rage from the home in Sydney where on one of his casual visits he finds his wife Marge (Elizabeth Sellars) consoling herself with somebody else. The theme of the picture is quite simple: the child begins by being a whining encumbrance, and ends by being loved. The effects are simple too, and many of them are obviously calculated to arouse the simple reactions that they get, but the film has much good in it.

However, it gives Mr. Finch (just acclaimed best actor of 1956) no real chance to show what he can do. This swagman is no more than a conventionally tough and independent character to whom things happen; his only

excuse for being in a story is that he has to alter his routine somewhat because he feels responsible for, and has to look after, a small girl.

It is proverbial that small children, cunningly handled by a director, are picture-stealers; but except for the very simplest audiences, who will roar their enjoyment when the child (for instance) uses the adjective "flaming" as she has heard her father use it, little Dana Wilson does not dominate this one. There is, in fact, no really outstanding personage concerned, and no outstanding quality in the film: it is a good, quite well done, interesting, entertaining piece, but it is neither very gripping nor very amusing. Mr. Finch, as I say, is given nothing to extend his powers, the lovely Miss Sellars is more or less thrown away on a mechanically unsympathetic part, and otherwise the whole affair is pretty unmemorable.

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There is a new French adaptation in modern terms of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, good and interesting. Also in London: the fine *A Man Escaped* (10/7/57), the very gay and intelligent, misleadingly titled *His Other Woman* (17/7/57), and the two enjoyable slices of pure entertainment, *The Prince and the Showgirl* (10/7/57) and *Around the World in Eighty Days* (17/7/57).

Best release, quite first-rate, is *The Bachelor Party* (10/7/57)—take a pin for sticking into stupid members of the audience. *The Admirable Crichton* (19/6/57) is pleasant to look at, but stage-comedy effects don't work in terms of reality.

RICHARD MALLETT



## ON THE AIR

Rag Time with Braden

FOR more than half of the first edition of "Early to Braden" (B.B.C.) Bernard Braden sat at a piano—or rather well behind a piano—and delivered a desultory musical monologue. He crooned snatches of popular and faded melody, told ridiculous inconsequential stories, smoked, drank from a pint pot of beer (the saloon bar pianist's *pourboire*), and without displaying any obvious entertaining talent contrived to be pleasantly entertaining.

Braden is always trying to escape from the shackles of conventional TV humour. He has made a sketch of Stephen Leacock's immortal fragment "My Financial Career," he has played, almost straight, the role of the disillusioned jazzman, he has translated the zany literary tomfoolery of steam radio's "Bedtime with Braden" into reasonably successful screen fare. He is a trier.

His method is relaxed, in the style of some of the great American comics, musicians (Hoagy Carmichael comes to mind) and television speakers. He is unmistakably professional. And for this reason "Early to Braden" is unlikely to please a majority of British viewers. In humour—as in sport—the British are impressed more by the immediate effort to please than by the true quality of a performance. They like Billy Cotton and Charlie Chester, but comedians who leave the sweat and toil of creative effort in the rehearsal room are regarded with suspicion. They want their money's worth and they want the price ticket left on.



BENNY LEE BERNARD BRADEN

[Early to Braden]

I am not, I hope, suggesting that Braden's new series is anything more than an amusing novelty. The material is thin, and I doubt whether any show can get along, as this is trying to, without its quota of feminine charm.

Another new series is Gilbert Harding's "I Know What I Like," and here again we have a compère who has mastered the art of putting his feet up on the viewer's mantelpiece. Unfortunately Harding seems to like what the B.B.C. likes and finds available, so that his programme is no different from the general run of variety miscellanies. We heard the usual songs, saw the usual spell of modern ballroom-cum-ballet dancing, wriggled through the usual bout of B.B.C. comedy patter and watched Mr. H. mix a long drink with a plugged dash of Angostura. And that was all. There should be some better way than this of employing Harding's provocative clubmanship. I know what I don't like.

An even more disastrous newcomer to television is the game "Place the Face," a quiz devised by Ralph Edwards, supported by Eric Robinson and his sextet, presented by Pete Murray and documented by those indefatigable "special investigators" Pauline and Larry Forrester. In the whole sorry record of TV parlour games there can be nothing to equal this for futility and tedium. We, the viewers, are invited to enjoy the spectacle of some celebrity or other being confronted, puzzled and embarrassed by a face from the past. The face appears in a mock screen, the celebrity studies it. He doesn't remember the man who shined his shoes four years ago, so clues are given. "You paid me to give you the brush-off"—that sort of thing. Horrible. I felt sorry for all concerned with this dismal half-hour of stupidity.

Two plays of more than average interest, both revivals, improved the B.B.C.'s batting average for the week. Priestley's *Dangerous Corner*, admirably produced by Stephen Harrison, stood up well after a quarter of a century of repertory reproduction, and George Kelly's *Craig's Wife*, dating from 1925, was rescued from the period-piece museum by a brilliant performance from Constance Cummings.

*Dangerous Corner* started awkwardly (there are so many characters to be introduced so quickly, and so many novelists and playwrights have since made clichés of Priestley's verbal gambits), but once away it ran with undiminished zest. There were particularly good performances from Ursula Howells, Nigel Stock, Ann Firbank and John Fraser. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS.

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